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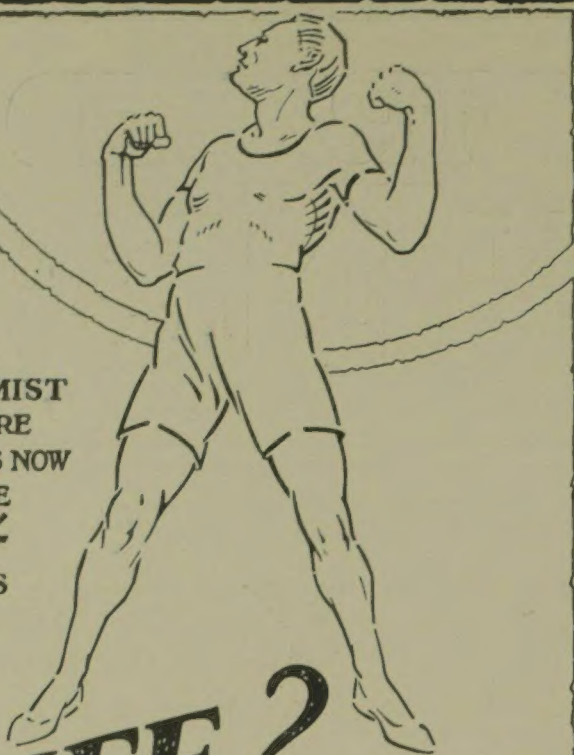
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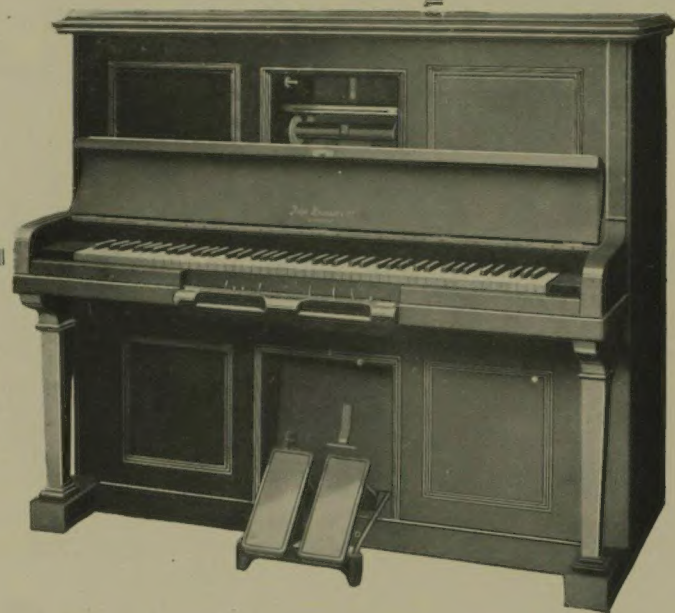
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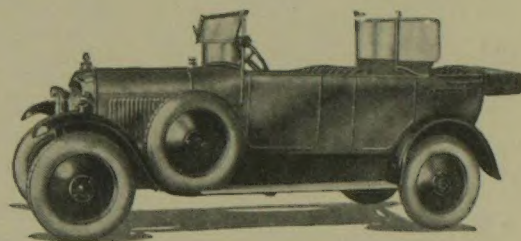
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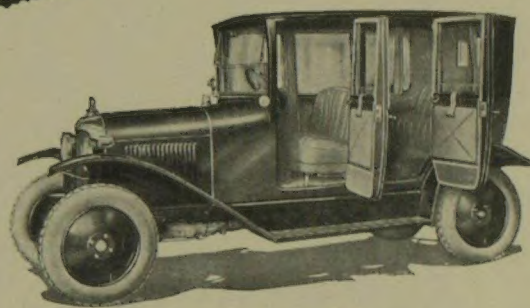
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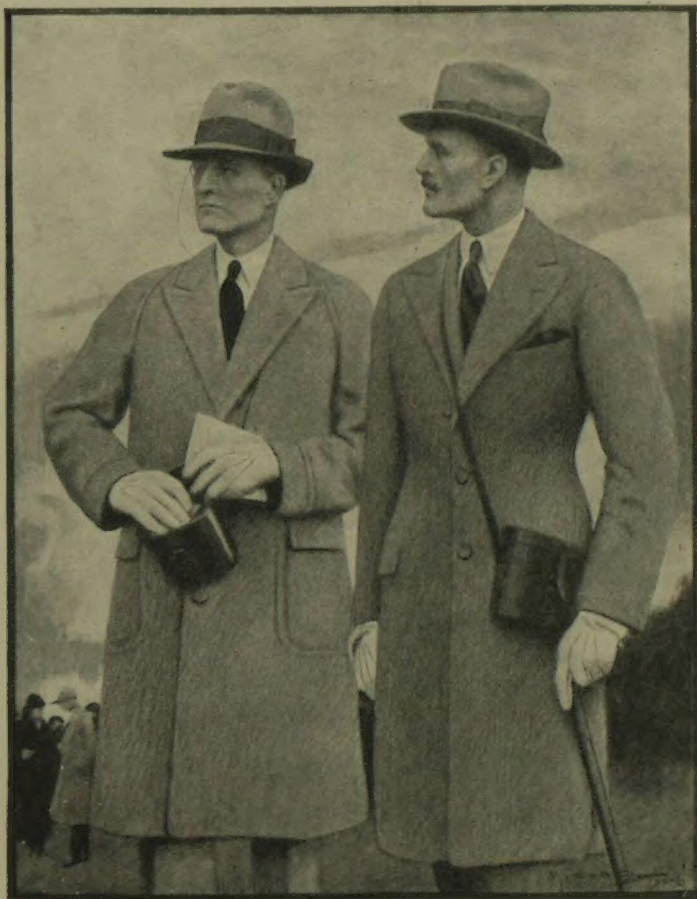


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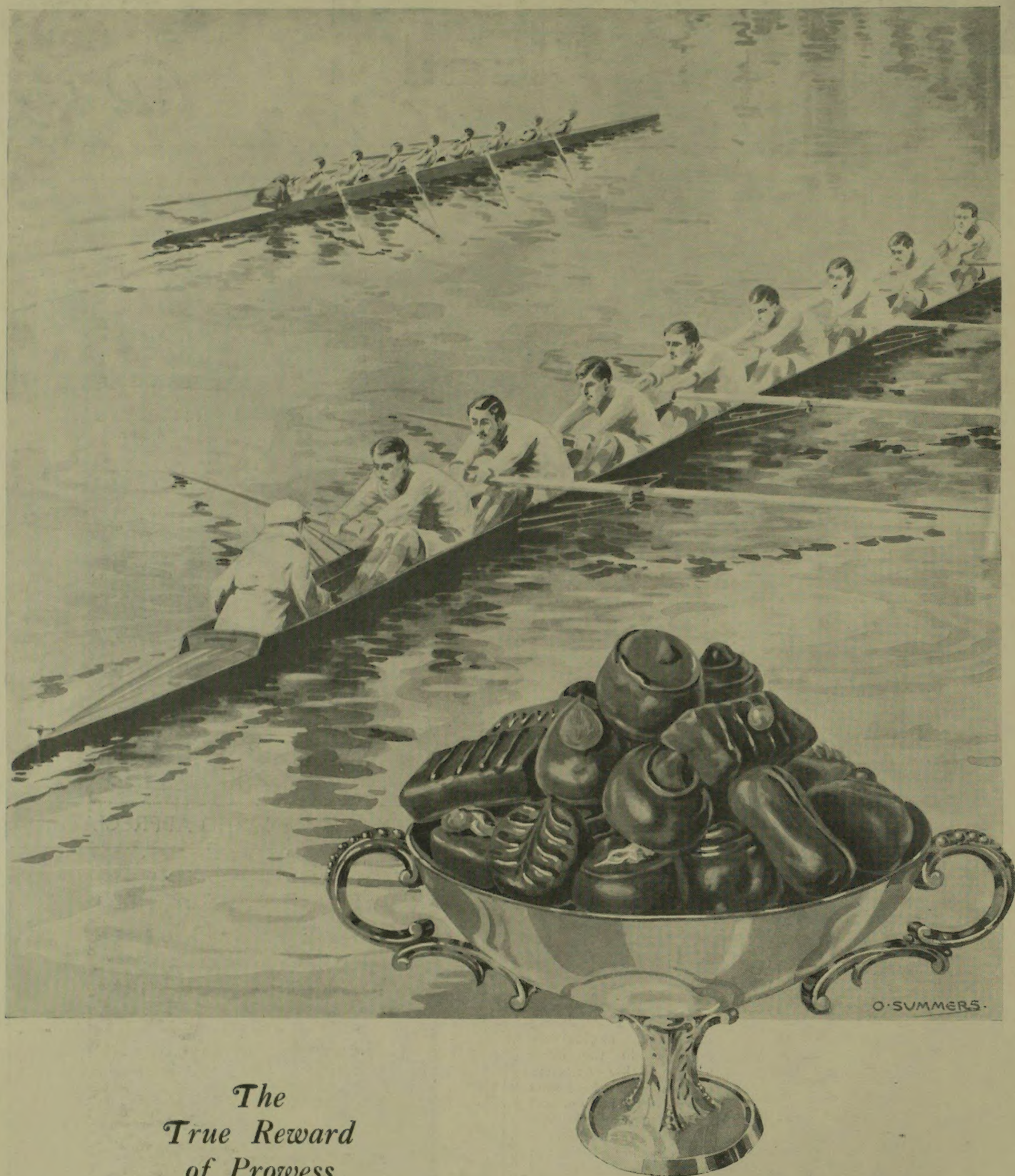
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1925.

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HUGH CECIL

STARTING ON A NEW EMPIRE-BINDING TOUR: BRITAIN'S ROYAL "AMBASSADOR"—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales has arranged to leave England in H.M.S. "Repulse," to-day (March 28), for yet another of those great tours which, by the magnetism of his personality, have done so much to attract the King's distant dominions towards their common centre, and to weld into a single force the spirit of comradeship throughout the Empire. He sets out once more with the good wishes of the Motherland, not on any "joy ride," as was well said in answer to recent Labour criticisms,

but to undertake an exacting task, which only he can perform, and which he performs supremely well, in the interests of all the peoples that live under the British flag. His first destination is Bathurst (in Gambia, West Africa), where he is due to arrive on April 4. Thence he will go successively to Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria, leaving Lagos on April 22 for South Africa. There he will visit the Cape and other districts, returning to Cape Town on July 22.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is an admirable thing to be humble; and it is often a pardonable though always a perilous thing to be proud. It is always a far stronger and healthier thing to be vain than to be proud. But in any case it is a dreadful and diabolical thing to be proud of being humble. That is, I suppose, the last of the temptations which the demons offer to the saints; the last and the most subtle, and therefore the most evil. Perhaps that was what Bunyan really meant when he said that he saw there was a road to hell even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the city of destruction. But there is a milder form of the truth that it is a very bad thing to be proud of being humble. And that is that it is a very silly thing to be vain of being modest. I never feel more uncomfortable in the matter of our national patriotism than when I hear the English patriot boasting that he never boasts. It is very natural as a joke; and sometimes very necessary as a protest against the preposterous cult of impudence which has become rather common of late, and has tempted some people to say that England is not going to the dogs, but to the puppies. Perhaps it is a good thing that the English boast of the virtues they have not got. Perhaps it is good for their souls that they remain in a beautiful and radiant ignorance of the virtues they have got. Perhaps it is well that some happy fool should go on believing that he is a stern and strenuous Puritan and Empire-builder, lest he should in some dreadful hour discover that he is a kindly humourist and a thoroughly good fellow. Perhaps it is better that a man should be kept modest by thinking he is a Super-Man, which nobody else is likely to believe, and go to his grave without suspecting that everybody in the world knows he is a good man. Perhaps, in short, it is a dangerous and unwise thing to meddle thus with the mystery of modesty, and especially of that modesty of the English patriot which he so modestly conceals.

But there is one aspect of that mystery which may safely be touched upon, especially as the English patriot will certainly never read it, because it is concerned with history—a study of the very existence of which he is entirely unaware. I do think it is a very extraordinary thing to consider the fragments of history which have alone come to him in the form of legend. It is not merely that he picks out all the victories from a long list of battles. It is also that he picks out particular battles from a long list of victories. It is not merely that he is told about the battle of Waterloo and not about the battle of Fontenoy. It is that he is not told the truth about the battle of Waterloo even when it would be all the more to his glory. I do not understand the principle upon which the feathers are plucked here and there for him to put in his cap. Some part of it is due to sectarian or faddist fastidiousness—as, for example, to the fad which glorifies what used to be called Teutonic and is now called Nordic. Thus, as I may remark in a moment, great glories are lost to Britain because they happened when Britain was only British and was not yet supposed to have become Nordic. Even

pedants with such a natural talent for nonsense as the professors of the Nordic language have not been able to uproot anything quite so rooted as the Arthurian legend. Nobody could be persuaded that Arthur was not native, merely because he was not Nordic. But with the other figures of the interregnum of the earlier Dark Ages these obscurantists have been quite successful. They have succeeded in persuading everybody that nothing was ever done by the British until they were assisted by the Germans. Sometimes, of course, the prejudice is more minutely partisan and particularist. It is a matter of Whigs and Tories or Cavaliers and Roundheads rather than of Britons and Teutons. The patriot denies anything that glorifies his country unless it also glorifies his party. But I fancy that most of these minor party sentiments work back to certain fundamental conceptions of human history, of which the largest example is this desperate attempt of the professors in the nineteenth century to pretend that they had never heard of

of a strong local patriotism. I regret to say that I was once travelling in a train going north with an old friend of mine, and as we crossed the valley of the Trent he said in a deep and sepulchral voice, "We are now crossing the Boasting Line." He was so prejudiced as to maintain that everywhere north of that line it was the fashion to boast about yourself, your business, your family, your county, your city, and so on. Yet I have never heard a Yorkshireman boast of some of the great things that happened in history to his great city. I am afraid the Yorkshireman is not so proud of York as of Leeds. But I have met more than one commercial man from those commercial centres who, if he was indeed a Yorkshireman, must have been descended from Isaac of York. Let it not be supposed that I regard the massacre of Jews as one of the glories of York. Far from it; though I do regard it as one of the disgraces of history that Anti-Semitic massacres which mediæval priests tried to stop are always attributed to the fanaticism of mediæval priests. But, anyhow, there are a great many glories of the city of York of which very few people seem to have heard in Yorkshire.

For instance, in this age of outlines of history, of sweeping statements and simplifications of the past, why does nobody say that Christianity came from York? I do not mean, of course, in the sense in which it came from Bethlehem; but in the secondary sense in which it is often said to have come from Antioch or even from Glastonbury. Why do not the people of York walk about in a glow of sanctity and satisfaction at having launched all Europe on the tremendous adventure of becoming Christendom? There would be a much stronger case for it than for most of the things of which they do boast. For it was in York that the legions, largely British in all probability, elected as Emperor a young man named Constantine. And though he was not yet a Christian, he was already obviously on the Christian side. His rival for the Imperial purple was very much on the Anti-Christian side, having, apparently, a taste for human sacrifice in a small way—literally in a small way, for he is said to have sacrificed children like the priests of

Moloch. The story of the advance from York, the descent upon Europe, the victories which overthrew the tyrant, in one of which Constantine saw his vision of the Cross in the sky, is one of the most romantic of all the romances of history I have read. Yet I confess cheerfully that I have only just read it, in the sense of realising it in any detail. I am not setting myself up as one of the learned who could teach these things. I am setting myself up as one of the ignorant from whom they are concealed. Why are they concealed, or at any rate neglected? Why at least is the lime-light thrown on things so much less really prominent in the world's history than the coming of Constantine? Whatever it is, it is not because the whole business of British Christianity is necessarily devoid of glory. It is not because it is not creditable to Britain. Perhaps it is because it is creditable to Christianity.



THE KING ON HIS CONVALESCENT HOLIDAY: HIS MAJESTY WITH THE QUEEN ON THE PLATFORM AT CALAIS BESIDE THE ROYAL TRAIN WHICH TOOK THEM TO GENOA.

The King and Queen left London on March 19 and crossed in the steamer "Biarritz" from Dover to Calais, where they were welcomed by M. Lachaume, an official of the Northern Railway Company, who attended them on their journey through France, and M. Poncet, the French Special Commissioner. On the station platform the Queen was presented with bouquets from the French authorities and the British colony in Calais. The train included the British royal coach, brought from Dunkirk, where it is kept ready for Continental journeys. Their Majesties embarked in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert" at Genoa on the morning of March 21, and proceeded first to Leghorn. On the 23rd they visited Pisa.

Photograph by P. and A.

King Arthur, but were on intimate terms with Hengist, or, as they preferred in their playful way to call him, Hengst.

For instance, I had never realised before that a modesty amounting to morbid shyness afflicts the people of Yorkshire. I had not understood that the Yorkshireman hides himself like the violet of the woods, lest the world should discover his merits. I did not know that the Yorkshireman was so bowed down to the earth with Christian humility that he could not be brought even to whisper anything to the credit of his county or his city. Widely different impressions of his personality are, I regret to say, generally current in the world. There is a notion going about, I believe, that the Yorkshireman can occasionally be wooed into admitting the good elements of Yorkshire and the legitimate foundations

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 568, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

WHOLESALE "BURNING IN EFFIGY": THE FIRE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



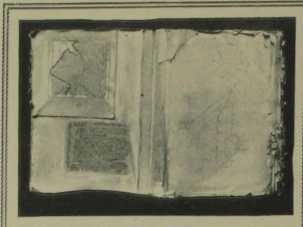
WHERE THE FLAMES DESTROYED PRICELESS RELICS OF NAPOLEON BUT SPARED THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS: THE BURNING OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S, THE FAMOUS WAXWORK EXHIBITION—FIREMEN PLAYING WATER ON THE ROOF FROM LADDERS.

It is a long time since London has experienced a fire that has aroused such painful interest and such widespread regret as the burning of Madame Tussaud's, an institution familiar to every Londoner and most visitors to London. The historical relics that were destroyed are illustrated on another page. Here we are concerned with the more spectacular side of the lurid scene and the operations of the Fire Brigade. The outbreak began, from some unknown cause, about 10.15 p.m. on the night of March 18. Before 11 o'clock, no fewer than twenty-five motor-pumps were at work, and firemen played hoses on the roof from dizzy heights at the top of several ladders, three of which are shown in the above photograph. The inflammable waxworks and other exhibits, however, burned so fiercely that the

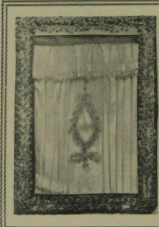
whole roof was enveloped in flames, and soon afterwards it collapsed, together with the glass of the dome. A huge crowd gathered in Marylebone Road to watch the scene from behind cordons drawn by the police at both ends of the building. Meanwhile firemen and salvage men were bringing out whatever they could reach, under the direction of Colonel Fox, head of the Salvage Corps. The Chief Officer of the Fire Brigade, Mr. Dyer, arrived in evening dress, having been hastily summoned from a theatre. The fire, which was mainly confined to the roof and two upper floors, was got under control at about 12.30 a.m., but great damage was done by water to the lower part of the building. The Chamber of Horrors was not burnt, but suffered a good deal from the water.

INCLUDING PRICELESS RELICS OF NAPOLEON: THE HOLOCAUST.

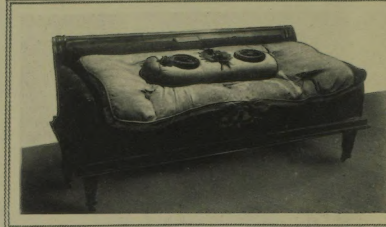
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, I.B., FARRINGTON



SHOWING A PLAN, DRAWN BY NAPOLEON, OF THE BATTLE OF MONTMIRAIL IN 1814: AN ATLAS USED BY HIM IN HIS CAMPAIGNS.



STAINED WITH NAPOLEON'S BLOOD: THE COUNTERPANE FROM HIS DEATH-BED.



FROM NAPOLEON'S DEATH-BED: THE MATTRESS AND PILLOWS ON WHICH HE DIED, BOUGHT BY MME. TUSSAUD AND SONS FROM PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE.



AFTER THE HOLOCAUST OF WAXWORK CELEBRITIES AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS IN THE OLD HALL OF KINGS, LOOKING INTO THE MAIN HALL.



A NEW "CHAMBER OF HORRORS," BUT NOT SO GRUESOME AS THEY LOOK: CHARRED AND MUTILATED WAX FIGURES IN THE SPORTS GROUP AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.



REPORTED TO HAVE REMARKED ON COMING-TO—"THIS IS A ROTTEN BUSINESS!" THE PARROT RESCUED IN ITS CAGE FROM THE FIRE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.



FROM THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, MORE DAMAGED BY WATER THAN FIRE: MODELS OF CRIPPEN AND OTHER CRIMINALS BEING COVERED WITH TARPULINS BY SALVAGE MEN.

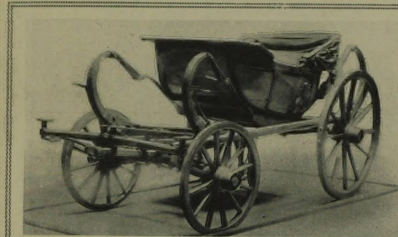
The most serious feature of the fire at Madame Tussaud's, a photograph of which event appears on another page in this number, was the destruction of many historic relics of Napoleon, which were priceless and irreplaceable. The military carriage captured after Waterloo "was built specially for Napoleon at Brussels," says the catalogue, "by command of his second wife, the Empress Marie Louise," for his campaign in Russia. Later "it conveyed him to the shores of France on his way to Elba, and was with him during his first exile; it brought him back a few months later, and it was in it that he rode to the fatal field of Waterloo." After the battle, according to the same account, Napoleon left the field in it and had a narrow escape when it was captured the same

AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S—WAX "CORPSES"; A RESCUED PARROT.

PHOTO. CO., G.P.U., TOPICAL AND PHOTOPRESS.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S: NAPOLEON'S MILITARY CARRIAGE WHICH HE USED IN RUSSIA AND IN WHICH HE RODE TO AND FROM THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.



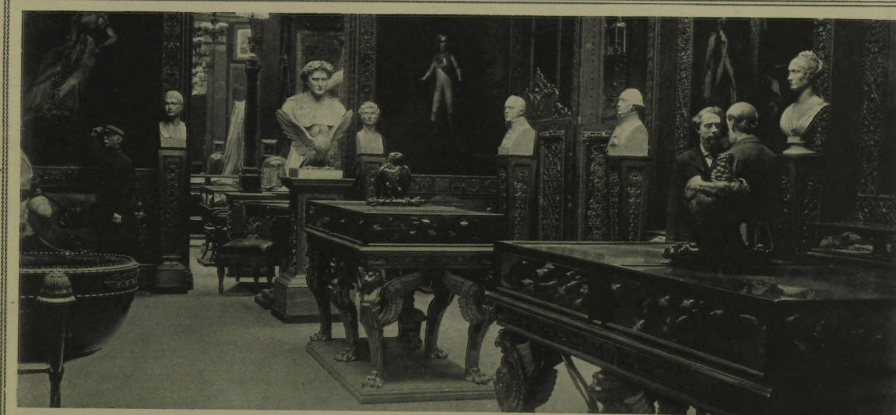
AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S: THE CARRIAGE USED BY NAPOLEON DURING HIS YEARS OF EXILE AT ST. HELENA.



AS IT WAS FOUND AFTER THE FIRE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S: ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF NAPOLEON'S WATERLOO CARRIAGE—A HEAP OF TWISTED METAL AND A MASS OF DÉBRIS.



AS IT WAS FOUND AFTER THE FIRE: ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE CARRIAGE USED BY NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA—ONLY THE SPRINGS AND METAL PARTS OF THE WHEELS AND AXLE.



WHERE MANY PRICELESS RELICS OF NAPOLEON AND WORKS OF ART WERE HOUSED AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S AND DESTROYED IN THE FIRE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NAPOLEON ROOM, SHOWING THE BUST OF THE EMPEROR BY THE DANISH SCULPTOR, THORWALDSEN.

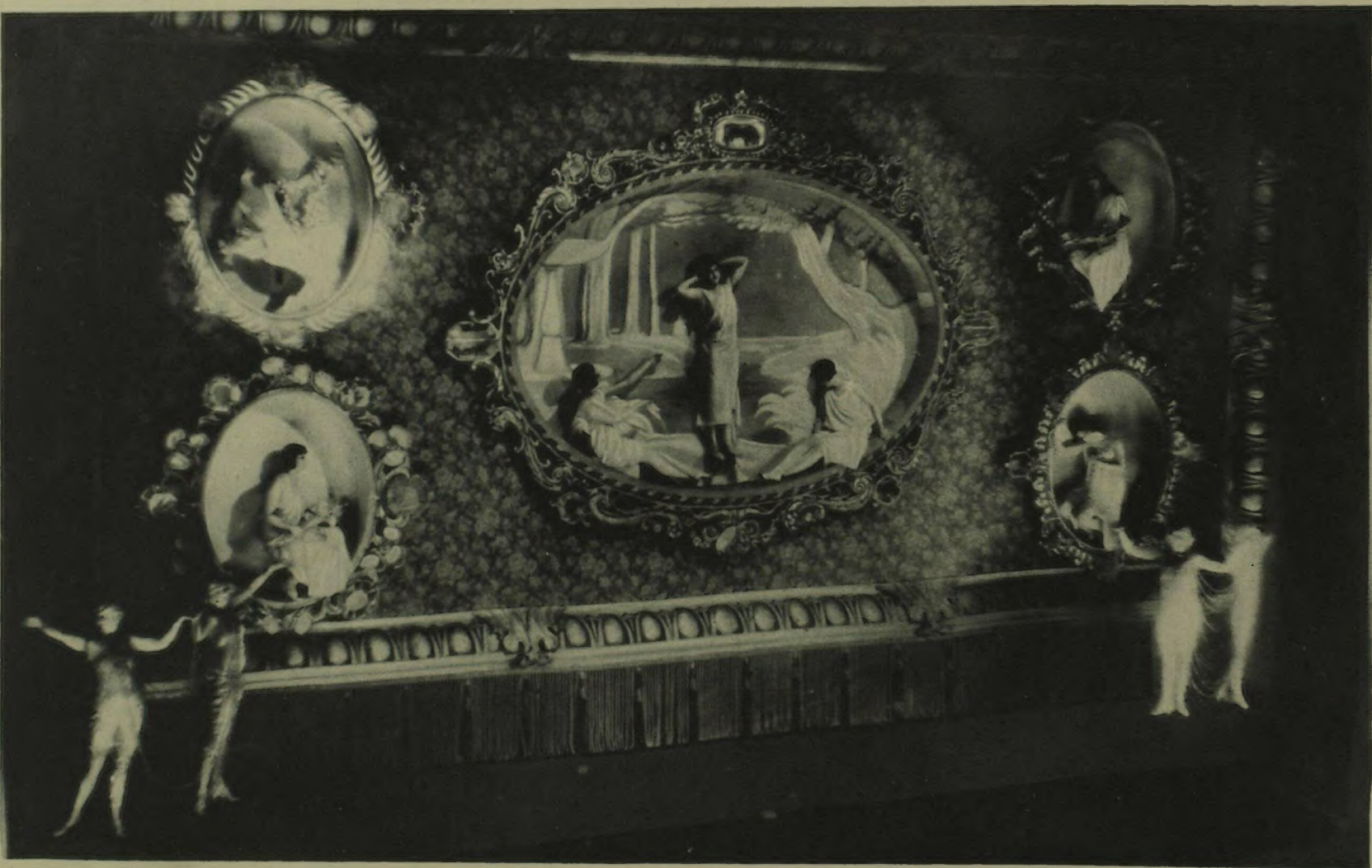
night, at Genappe. He is said to have escaped by one door of the carriage as a Prussian officer forced open the other, and to have mounted a horse and got away to Paris. The atlas shown above, also destroyed in the fire, "was used by Napoleon for some years" and contained "plans of several battles drawn with his own hand. After the Battle of Montmirail, in the Marne Department, on February 11, 1814, when the allied Russian and Prussian Armies commanded by Blücher were defeated by him, the atlas was inadvertently left at the Hôtel de la Poste aux Chevaux, at Château Thierry, where Napoleon rested." Mr. John Tussaud's book, "The Romance of Madame Tussaud's" (Odhams) gives a full and interesting account of the famous collection and its contents.

IN "BETTER DAYS": GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PARODIED; A LIVING CURTAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."



WITH MIXED GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SCENERY AND CHARACTERS: "A 'G. AND S.' COCKTAIL" IN "BETTER DAYS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



THE ONLY LIVING DROP-CURTAIN IN LONDON: AN INNOVATION AT THE LATEST LONDON HIPPODROME REVUE.

"Better Days," the new revue produced last week at the London Hippodrome, contains, among its numerous scenes, an entertaining parody of the ever-popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The idea is that one of the "secret nights" of the end of the opera season results in a thorough muddle—the scenery is mixed,

the characters hail from half-a-dozen different operas, and the effect really lives up to its title of "G. and S. Cocktail." None of the Sullivan music is actually used, but is very cleverly parodied, and the same is the case with the Gilbertian "book." The human drop-curtain is another notable feature of "Better Days."

FALLING LIKE A PACK OF CARDS: DRURY LANE'S "COLLAPSIBLE" CHORUS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



A STRIKING FEATURE OF "ROSE MARIE," AT DRURY LANE: A WONDERFULLY DRILLED CHORUS, OVER A HUNDRED STRONG, PERFORMING REMARKABLE EVOLUTIONS AROUND TOTEM POLES, AND HERE COLLAPSING LIKE A PACK OF CARDS.

The scene of "Rose Marie," the new musical piece at Drury Lane, is laid in Canada, and the finale of the first act takes place at "Totem Pole Lodge, near Kootenay Pass, in the Canadian Rockies." Here occurs a spectacle which delighted the audience on the first night by its novelty and originality, and proved one of the chief features of the evening. It was a musical number, called "Totem Tom Tom," with a catchy syncopated refrain, and a wonderfully drilled chorus over a hundred strong, performing a series of remarkable evolutions. At one

moment they were dancing in lively style, and at another marching with jerky movements, like automata or jumping jacks. Now their bodies all swayed in unison like branches before the wind, and finally they collapsed in a semi-circle, one against the other, like a pack of cards. The variety and precision of these mass movements, with so many performers, is extremely effective. The play is a blend of musical comedy and melodrama, with excellent music and singing, a plot that includes a murder, and a picturesque setting.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS: A DARK BLUE VICTORY; NEW RECORDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

WON FOR CAMBRIDGE BY LORD BURGHLEY (ETON AND MAGDALENE), SECOND FROM LEFT IN THE FASTEST TIME SO FAR ACCOMPLISHED, THOUGH NOT OFFICIALLY A "RECORD": THE RACE FOR THE 220 YARDS LOW HURDLES, WON BY 4 YARDS IN 24.4-5 SECONDS.



A NEW RECORD FOR THE 'VARSITY SPORTS: MR. R. L. HYATT (HARVARD AND BALLIOL) WINNING THE POLE JUMP FOR OXFORD WITH A JUMP OF 11 FT. 6 IN.



WEARING TROUSERS, SWEATER, AND SCARF, INSTEAD OF THE USUAL ATHLETIC GARB: MR. VAN GEYZEL, OF CEYLON, WINNING THE HIGH JUMP FOR CAMBRIDGE WITH 5 FT. 11½ IN.



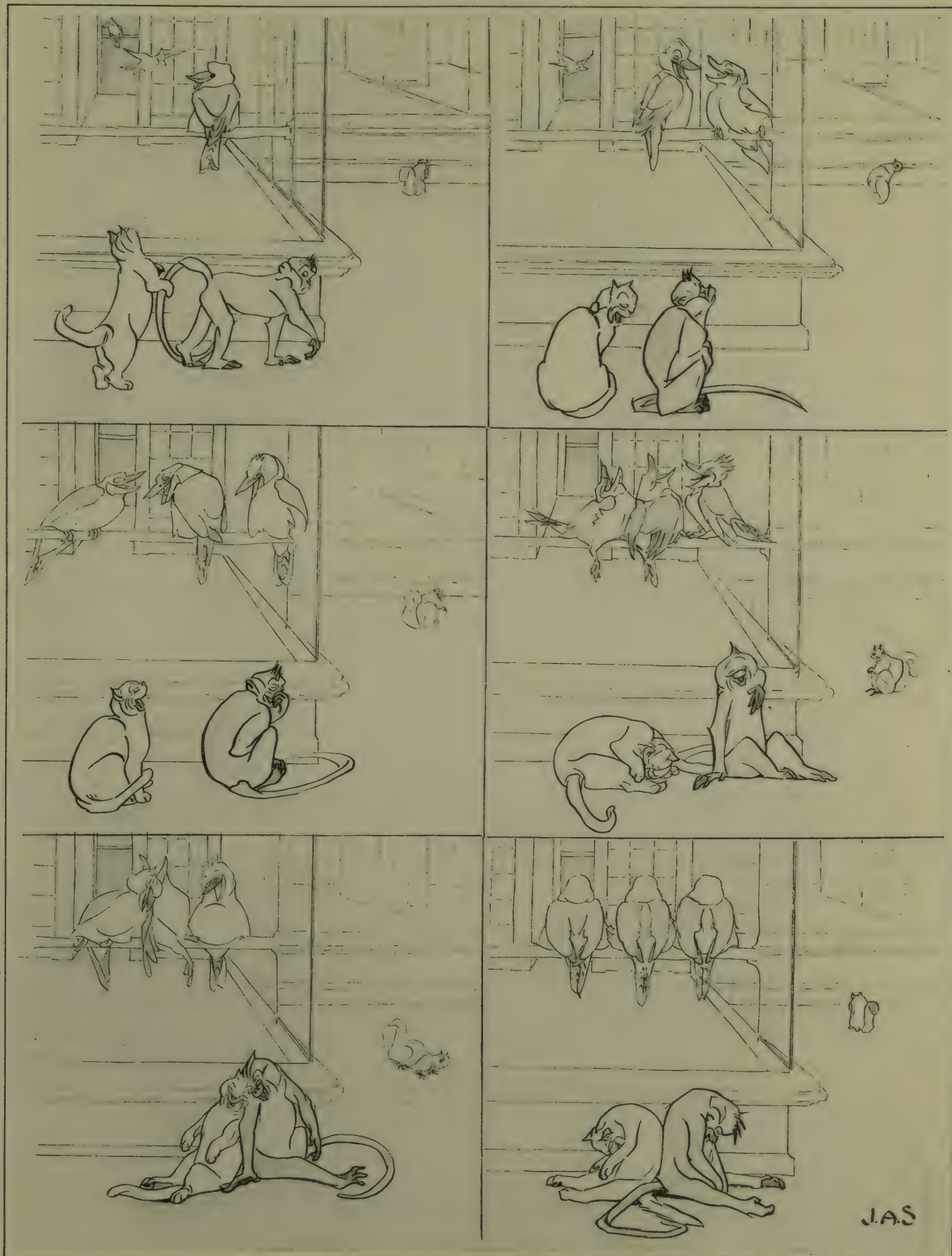
ANOTHER NEW RECORD FOR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS ESTABLISHED AT THIS YEAR'S MEETING, WHEN OXFORD WON BY 6 EVENTS TO 5: MR. A. E. PORRITT (OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND, AND MAGDALENE) WINNING THE 100 YARDS FOR OXFORD IN 9.9-10 SECONDS—THE FINISH.

The Oxford and Cambridge Sports, which took place at Queen's Club on March 21, were very closely contested—Oxford winning by six events to five—and were memorable for several new records for the meeting. The events won by Oxford were the 100 Yards, the Pole Jump, the Long Jump, Putting the Weight, the Quarter Mile, and the Three Miles; while Cambridge won the Half Mile, the 120 Yards Hurdles, the Mile, the High Jump, and the 220 Yards Low Hurdles. New records for the occasion were established in the 100 yards, won in 9.9-10 seconds by Mr. A. E. Porritt, of Oxford, and in the Pole Jump, in which Mr. R. L.

Hyatt, of Oxford, accomplished 11 ft. 6 in. Lord Burghley's time for the 220 yards Low Hurdles was also the best so far done in the 'Varsity Sports, but was not officially styled a record, as the event has not been on the programme for the prescribed five years. The High Jump was notable for the fact that the winner, Mr. C. T. Van Geyzel (of Royal College, Colombo, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge) wore trousers, sweater, and scarf—it was a very cold day—instead of the usual vest and running shorts. Even so he was only half an inch from the coveted 6 ft., never yet cleared at Queen's either for Oxford or Cambridge.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO"—No. IV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



INFECTIOUS MERRIMENT: BLINX AND BUNDA VISIT THE LAUGHING JACKASSES.

Blinx and Bunda, whose adventures in the Parrot House, the Reptile House, and the Aquarium Mr. J. A. Shepherd has already portrayed in his inimitable style, hardly need any further introduction. We see them here beside the

cage of the Laughing Jackasses. Blinx, it will be observed, was interested at once, but Bunda at first voted the birds a bore. Gradually, however, he too succumbed to the infection of their hilarious merriment.

"SOME 'NATIONAL' FALLS I HAVE SEEN": A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST'S MEMORIES OF THE WORLD'S STIFFEST RACE.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY LIONEL EDWARDS, A.R.C.A.

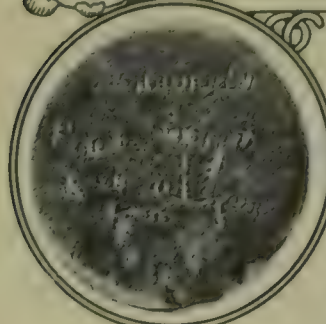


GRAND NATIONAL MISHAPS OF THE PAST, BY LIONEL EDWARDS: (1) TURK II. WAITING FOR HIS FALLEN JOCKEY; (2) THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING (VALENTINE'S BROOK); (3) A DAZED JOCKEY'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE; (4) A FALLEN HORSE IN THE OPEN DITCH; (5) THE DEATH OF AWBEG (FALLEN, IN BACKGROUND) AT BECHER'S BROOK IN 1922.

The Grand National—fixed to take place this year on Friday, March 27—is the most dangerous and exacting of all races, in spite of the fact that last year certain modifications were made in the fences on the historic five-mile course at Aintree. There are sixteen obstacles altogether, among the most formidable being Becher's Brook and Valentine's Brook, and all except the water-jump have to be taken twice. Last year, out of thirty starters, only eight completed the course. In the above drawings Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, whose work is very familiar to our readers, illustrates his recollections of notable mishaps in the past. His full notes on the various incidents are as follows: "(1) Turk II. waiting for his fallen jockey—a wonderful example of mutual confidence. As a rule, riderless horses go galloping on with the 'field.' (2) The second time of asking (Valentine's Brook). (3) A jockey, who had been thrown at the Canal Turn, got up (presumably dazed), and staggered about among the horses. Only by a miracle was he not killed. (4) A fallen horse in the open ditch, which proved a fruitful source of falls and refusals at the Canal Turn. (5) In the year of Awbeg's disaster (1922) at Becher's Brook, one horse was killed, while another fell into the brook and was jumped over by the field." It may be recalled that several accidents necessitating the destruction of horses occurred during recent racing at Sandown Park.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

A TWELFTH CENTURY CRAWL, AND A CURSE FULFILLED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE TICHBORNE LEGEND.

By GEORGE BELLEW, *Portcullis Pursuivant of Arms.*



WITH AN INSCRIPTION INCLUDING THE WORDS, "TICHBORNE DOLE," AND ITS WEIGHT IN AVOIRDUPOIS: THE LEAD DISC USED FOR WEIGHING THE GIFTS—THE OBVERSE.

FAMILY legends are always of interest, especially when founded on fact, and their quality is improved, perhaps, when they are associated with ancient prophecies or with malevolent curses; but such legends are still more worthy of attention when the prophecies are fulfilled, and when the curses, with

uncanny deliberation, come true. From contemporary documents we learn that the family of Tichborne resided in exactly the same place as it does to-day some eight hundred years ago. Tichborne Park stands on the banks of the River Itchen, near to the village of Tichborne, and about two miles distant from Alresford in Hampshire.

Twenty generations in the direct male line, each proved by documentary evidences, lie between Roger of Tichborne, son of Walter, and the present Baronet of that name. This Roger of Tichborne married the Lady Mabel, daughter and heir of Ralph, Lord of Lymerton in the Isle of Wight. This noble lady was of an exceedingly saintly disposition, and, so goes the legend, by giving her life she occasioned the institution of a custom which has been continued down to the present day.

Unlike his gentle wife, Roger, Lord of Tichborne, was typical of the period in which he lived: a good soldier, so tradition tells us, but rough in word and deed. The legend, handed down from generation to generation, has it that so insensible to charity was he that he even refused to grant to his wife a death-bed request, unless she undertook to perform an act apparently beyond one in her condition. The kindly lady, stricken with the infirmity of old age, lay dying at Tichborne: she had been, it appears, bed-ridden for a long time and was much enfeebled. We learn from a lengthy and ancient ballad on the subject of the legend that she inquired of her physician—

"How farre moght I raunge o'er thes londes wyde?"
to which the leech replied—

"Now ere thatt thou dye, yf I rede aright,
Methinks thou mayest cawle stepes three."

would also carry a lighted torch in one hand while she endeavoured to accomplish this onerous task. Her request was granted, and the ballad says—

And shee cawled and cawled, and the knyghte in
For hys londes groned ful sore, [payne,
To thynke how lyttel to hym moght remayne,
Yf shee cawled bott a lyttel more.

It was evidently scarcely short of a miracle that she managed to cover more than a few yards, but when she had circumvented twenty-three acres of good rich land all were amazed, and the Lord of Tichborne perhaps not a little sorry that he had agreed to the bargain. The venerable lady at length, however, could go no further, and, reaching an old grey stone beside the River Itchen, she cast the flaming torch into the stream, and, addressing her husband, charged him and his heirs for ever to give annually

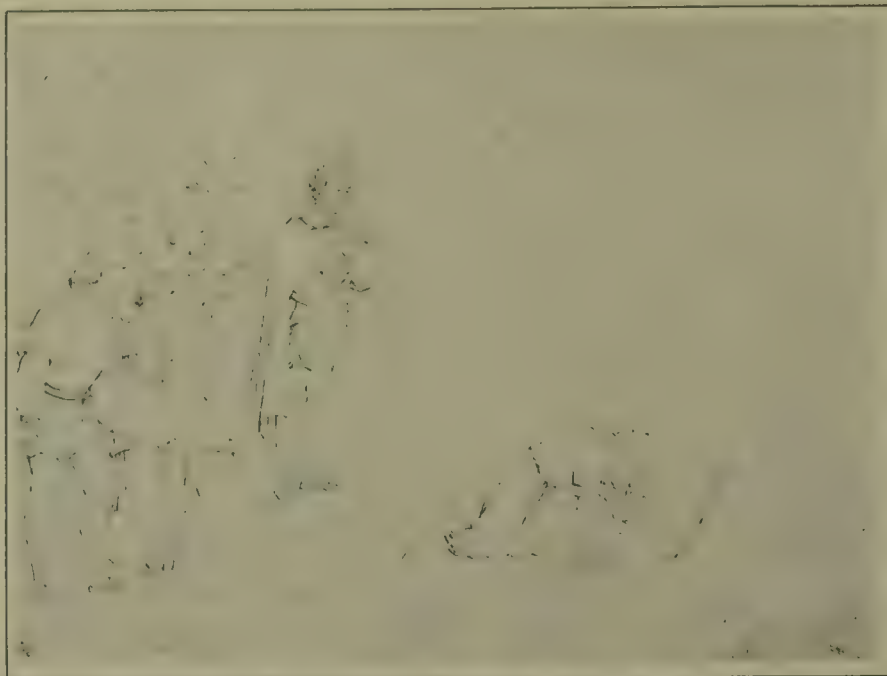
of the house on the appointed day, and depart each carrying a generous share of the loaves of bread, which, before being given, were blessed during the ceremony by the chaplain.

In 1670 a picture, now hanging at Tichborne, was specially painted at the instance of Sir Henry Tichborne, third Baronet, by Giles von Tilborg the younger. This painting depicts,

with no lack of detail, the ceremony about to be performed. In the background is old Tichborne House, described by a writer of the sixteenth century as "very antient," while in the centre stands Sir Henry Tichborne and his little son, Henry Joseph, who points to a basket of loaves as if eager to begin the distribution. Behind Sir Henry can be seen the house party, to his right officers of his household and servants carrying baskets of bread, and to his left those who are about to receive of his bounty.

This ceremony continued to take place upon each successive twenty-fifth day of March until late in the eighteenth century. Then, however, for days before the distribution of the loaves, Tichborne and the adjacent districts used to become infested by gipsies, vagabonds, and undesirable characters from all over the country, who camped out in the neighbouring fields awaiting the arrival of Lady Day. These unworthy persons did great damage to the countryside, and frequently indulged in rioting and other excesses, especially when the time came for the distribution of the bread. The local magistrates, therefore, found it necessary to insist upon Sir Henry Tichborne, seventh Baronet, discontinuing the custom, as it was subject to such abuse, and it ceased, therefore, in 1794.

In 1802 the old house at Tichborne partly fell and was partly pulled down, although later, upon the same site, the present mansion was erected. It chanced that, at that date, Sir Henry, seventh Baronet, had seven sons—Henry, Benjamin, Edward, James, John, George, and Roger Tichborne. Henry, the eldest son, married and became the father of seven daughters, but, had no son. Benjamin, the second



"SHE TOOKE THE BRANDE IN HER WYTHRED FYST, AS SHEE CRAWLED ON HER KNEE; AND HER LORDE WAS SADD, FOR, CRAWLE WHER SHEE LYST, SHEE MUST HAVE YTT FOR HER FEE": THE ORIGIN OF THE TICHBORNE DOLE—A DRAWING OF 1850.

This drawing of the legendary incident that gave rise to the Tichborne Dole (as described here in Mr. Bellew's article) was bought at Southampton by Mr. David Michie, who has been Agent to the family for many years. It is interesting as a Victorian version of the story.

of the value of that land to the poor, and, should they fail in her request, she added, then would seven sons be born to the house, followed by a generation of seven daughters, when the name would die and the ancient residence of the family fall down. After uttering this curse, she lived only long enough to bless the land she had thus obtained by such heroic self-sacrifice. The field which the old lady encom-



STILL KNOWN AS "THE CRAWLS," FROM THE ANCIENT LEGEND: THE FIELD (INSIDE THE FENCING) AROUND WHICH THE DYING LADY MABEL CRAWLED, THUS ORIGINATING THE TICHBORNE DOLE.

The doctor then advised her to compose herself peacefully and to send for her priest; but, turning to Roger, her husband, she demanded of him, as her last request, that he should give to the poor of the district, annually, the produce of as much land as she could summon up enough strength to crawl around. Fast-handed Roger must have hesitated even then, for we are told that she added that she

passed became known as "the Crawls," and to this day is called by this name by those living in and around Tichborne.

Succeeding generations religiously carried out the Lady Mabel's wishes, and every year, on the feast of the Annunciation of Our Lady, loaves of bread were distributed among the poor of the district. Persons in need and poor vagabonds would congregate in front



HOME OF A FAMOUS HAMPSHIRE FAMILY THAT TRACES BACK TWENTY GENERATIONS IN THE DIRECT MALE LINE: THE PRESENT TICHBORNE PARK, BUILT AFTER THE OLD HOUSE PARTLY FELL IN 1803.

son, died unmarried in China in 1810, aged thirty. John, the fifth son, was killed, unmarried, in 1806, in the East Indies, aged eighteen. George, the sixth son, died in 1802, aged thirteen. Roger, the seventh son, died in 1849, aged fifty-seven, having married, but never having had a son or daughter.

Edward, the third son, owing to the will of a relative, changed his name to Doughty in 1826,
[Continued on page 534]

Photographs Taken Specially for "The Illustrated London News" by Courtesy of Sir Joseph Tichborne, Bt.

A LADY-DAY CUSTOM: THE TICHBORNE DOLE IN STUART TIMES, AND NOW.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY COURTESY OF SIR JOSEPH TICHBORNE, BT.; NO. 2 BY PHOTOPRESS.



1. IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.: A PICTURE PAINTED IN 1670 FOR SIR HENRY TICHBORNE, THIRD BARONET, BY GILES VON TILBORG THE YOUNGER, SHOWING THE BARONET AND HIS HOUSEHOLD GATHERED FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TICHBORNE DOLE, OUTSIDE THE OLD MANOR HOUSE PULLED DOWN IN 1803.



2. AS THE CEREMONY IS NOW PERFORMED, SINCE SACKS OF FLOUR HAVE REPLACED BASKETS OF LOAVES: A MODERN DISTRIBUTION OF THE TICHBORNE DOLE OUTSIDE THE PRESENT HOUSE—A PRIEST SPRINKLING THE GIFTS WITH HOLY WATER (THE TICHBORNES BEING ONE OF THE OLDEST ROMAN CATHOLIC FAMILIES IN ENGLAND).

As related by Mr. George Bellew, Portcullis Pursuivant of Arms, on the opposite page, the house of Tichborne has maintained for some 700 years the annual distribution of the Tichborne Dole about the time of Lady Day (March 25). In the upper portrait group, interesting as a record of Stuart costume and architecture, Sir Henry Tichborne, the third Baronet, is seen near the centre foreground holding by the hand Frances Arundell (eldest daughter of Sir John Arundell), who married the next year (1671) Sir Richard Bealing, Secretary to Katharine of Braganza, wife of Charles II. Behind stands Sir Henry's wife, Lady Tichborne, daughter of William Arundell, and grand-daughter of Thomas, first Lord Arundell. A little to the left, in black and holding a glove, is the family chaplain, Father Robert Hill, S.J. Next to him is the nurse, Con-

stantia Atkins, and behind her are Lady Tichborne's maid and the house-keeper. On the extreme left, holding a basket of loaves, is Black Peter, a Hindu slave restored to freedom by the family and converted to Christianity. In the left foreground are Sir Henry's children (from left to right), Mary Tichborne (with loaves in her apron), who became a Benedictine nun at Pontoise; Letitia; and Henry Joseph, the eldest son, pointing to the basket on the ground. The four figures standing further back towards the right are (left to right) Mr. Mark Arundell (Lady Tichborne's brother), Mrs. Ann Tasburgh (Sir Henry's sister), Mrs. White Tichborne, and Sir James Phelyppes, Bt. (Sir Henry's nephew). The rest of the group consists of friends, domestics, peasants, and villagers, with the porter's dog, "Grumbler."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

OPINION about literature, as distinct from literary criticism, will always be more or less the slave of fashion, and we are apt, perhaps, to forget how much that passes current for serious criticism is mere reflection of the moment's vogue. One of the books of the day contains incidentally a most amusing exposure of the influence which mere fashion is allowed to exert even over persons who are supposed to hold the keys of criticism. Of this, later. Meanwhile, it is reassuring to find that pure critical judgment still lives and makes itself heard above the babel of the literary market-place. At this voice it is delightful to turn aside as to a Valclusa fountain (I make no apology for quoting Carlyle on Burns) "to muse among its rocks and pines." Or, to reverse the Last Oracle: "The daedal hall yet stands, Phœbus hath still a dwelling-place, and his prophetic laurel; nor dumb his vocal fountain."

One such refreshing and sustaining book has come to us in these recent days from a writer who, amid the conflict of tongues, never ceases to raise one clear and calm voice for the instruction and delight of his fortunate disciples. He may be, as he himself confesses in his latest volume, a professor, and there are bookish circles where the word of a professor is suspect; but he is also one who served a long apprenticeship to fiction, and won the heart and the admiration of the public before his pre-eminent qualifications caught him away to Cambridge, to talk profitably to the young men there about the things that concern their literary peace. He is possibly the last of that company of great teachers, like David Masson, Henry Morley, and William Minto, who returned from the life of the literary skirmisher to the cloistral atmosphere of a university, there to occupy the Chair of English Literature.

Nowadays such translations are uncommon. The universities prefer to train their teachers up from within, and they are chary of recalling one whose way of life has not been consistently academic. Seldom, however, has the more courageous experiment failed, and the power of popular appeal which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch brought to his work at Cambridge has given his scrupulously scholarly teaching an influence far beyond the banks of Cam. His university lectures have even won their way to the happy familiarity of the pocket edition. So little is "Q" the victim of literary or journalistic fashion that his latest volume, "CHARLES DICKENS, AND OTHER VICTORIANS" (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d.)—studies of Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, and Trollope, together with an essay on the Victorian background—is the expression of a deep and loyal regard for people and period.

I regret that this book had not come my way when, the other week, I said a few words on this page about a literary tendency of the 'nineties, held by some to be a righteous rebuke of the banal and hypocritical Victorian era. In asserting the essential greatness of Dickens, Sir Arthur knows very well what literary fashion he is challenging. But his challenge carries no apology, and rightly so. "You must," he says, "(of this generation I may be asking a hard thing, but it is necessary) get it out of your minds that Dickens was, in any sense at all, a cheap artist, playing to the gallery. He was a writer of imperfect, or hazardous, literary education; but he was also a man of iron will and an artist of the fiercest literary conscience." In support, if support were necessary, the lecturer cites the testimony of W. E. Henley and Mr. Chesterton in familiar passages.

These lectures on Dickens not only convey a glowing yet judicious assertion of that writer's essential greatness, but they counsel young men especially to recognise the quality of greatness and respond to it. "In so far as, in your fleeting generation, you give me your confidence and honour me (shall I say?) with a personal hope for A or B or C, I would warn you of what I have experimentally proved to be true of my contemporaries—that the man is most fatally destined to be great himself who learns early to enlarge his heart to the great masters: that those have steadily sunk who cavilled at Cæsar with Cassius, or over a cigarette chatted admiringly of the rent which envious Casca made; that anyone with an ear learns very surely to distinguish the murmur of the true bee from the morose hum of the drone, who is bringing no honey, nor ever will, to the hive."

In this passage, Sir Arthur is clearly combatting a superficial vogue; but he knows where the shoe pinches, and lets his young men see that, if he must physic, he still sympathises with their case, for he too has suffered in his youth. "In my own time of apprenticeship," he adds, "say, in the 'nineties, we were all occupied—after the French novelists—with style: in seeking the right word, *le mot juste*, and with art for art's sake, etc., and we were serious enough, mind you. We cut ourselves with knives. To-day, if I may diagnose your more youthful sickness, you are occupied rather with lyricism, curious and recondite sensations, appositions of unrelated facts with magenta-coloured adjectives. The craze has spread to the shop fronts, to curtains, bedspreads, as the craze for Byronic collars spread in its day: and 'Hell is empty,' cried Ferdinand, plunging overboard: but you can still find psycho-analysis rampant, with any amount of Birth Control, among the geese on Golder's Green."

Without doubt an unconscionable amount of Birth

Control and kindred subjects. It is hardly possible to open one kind of novel without encountering these pleasant topics, flung at us with the dogged and humourless conscientiousness of those progressive young writers—geese on Golder's and other Greens—who can scarcely reach their tenth page without a superior sneer at "Victorianism." In recent days I have found many such. From one young writer we learn that "unsuitable" is a useful word, defining sexual and obsterical views," by which dark saying a character in the story may be understood to vindicate her latter-day courageous outspokenness. In another new novel, "MYRTLE," by Stephen Hudson (Constable; 6s.), not otherwise without merit—in fact, of quite remarkable merit as a new link in a series—we are assailed on the very first page with bald and entirely unnecessary natal and pre-natal details communicated by a garrulous person, somewhat Gampish, but a permanent, not a temporary, member of the family staff. And, once again, Mr. Shaw Desmond's new story, "THE ISLE OF GHOSTS" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), mars its penetrating study of present-day



WITH PEGASUS-HEAD HANDLES: THE GRAND NATIONAL CUP, 1925. The cup for this year's Grand National takes the form of an ornamental covered vase of classic design, with handles formed of Pegasus heads. In front, a figure of Victory holds out a laurel wreath for the winner. The cup is again the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., of Liverpool, Birmingham, etc.

Ireland with revoltingly intimate and superfluous scenes in a maternity home. The despised Victorians did not shirk the beginnings of life so pusillanimously as their imperfectly informed young critics would have you believe; they were even surprisingly frank in "unsuitable" matters, but they clothed their frankness in the decent (not hypocritical) vesture of an engagingly allusive humour. Do but compare the dull, bald naturalism of the instances quoted with "Mrs. Dombey makes no Effort" or the divinely persuasive humanity of the *voices populi* which assailed Mr. Pecksniff when he went to fetch Mrs. Gamp. "How much the poorer," exclaims Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "should we not all be lacking Mrs. Gamp?" Needless to say she cannot be repeated—"Nature brings not back the Mastodon"—and one would not commit the fatuity of blaming our clever young contemporaries for failing to produce similar effects; but they seem to be wasting their opportunities.

The nurse's calling has still its place in fiction, and one regrets its infelicitous use all the more on realising how admirably the works, ways, and personality of the

neat, hygienic, ministering angel of to-day lend themselves to the novelist. For the comedy of nursing read "Campaign," one of the best stories in Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's "INNER CIRCLE" (Constable; 6s.). But then, to be sure, Miss Colburn Mayne learned her exceedingly fine art in the later Victorian period, and if you would see further how beautifully she applies it to the manners and ethics of to-day, read also "Lavender and Lucinda," and, in particular, "White Hair." "Dialogue in a Cab," is an exquisite handling of a situation which occurs in a very notorious *conte*; but here the grossly sensual is purged away, and the fleshly refined almost to vanishing point.

It needs no prophet to predict that the reputation of the Victorian era will survive all the attacks upon it, and the signs of reaction against wholesale condemnation become more apparent as book succeeds book. Not long ago, Mr. Arthur Machen showed that the strait-laced Victorians were not so prudish after all, and now our gracious Victorian grandmothers have found in Mr. Stewart M. Ellis, author of "MAINLY VICTORIAN" (Hutchinson; 21s.), a vigorous defender against the charge of anæmia. Mr. Ellis deals with personalities, authors, and others, greater and less, of the Victorian era, and he does not hesitate to find the women's costume charming. Certainly the early Victorian style is not unpopular at fancy-dress balls, and comes through the ordeal of revival with flying colours. Mr. Ellis has written an entertaining book which will do much to correct a somewhat distorted historical perspective.

Inevitably several of Mr. Ellis's subjects are identical with those treated by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and the two books, between which I draw no odious comparisons or contrasts, afford very agreeable foils to one another. Mr. Ellis's is the larger gallery, and his portraits of the minor, and in some cases almost forgotten, figures are the most successful. An excellent example of his skill in literary resuscitation is his account of Frank Smedley, author of "Frank Fairleigh," and many other novels popular in the 'fifties.

To fulfil, however, a promise made in my first paragraph: it was to Mr. Ellis's introductory essay that I referred when I mentioned an amusing exposure of the influence mere fashion exerts on current literary and historical judgments. After his sound and far from untimely piece of special pleading, Mr. Ellis suddenly takes thought, and remarks: "But perhaps it is a work of supererogation to offer any defence of Victorian manners and modes, for I understand it is now *démodé* in the highest circles of the young Intelligentsia of to-day to scoff at these things: it is only penny-a-liners and young women in offices who write letters to the cheap Press that now jeer at and condemn the minds and fashions and furnishings of Queen Victoria's subjects. Mid-Victorian music-hall songs are now sung to the intellectually elect at the latest thing in cabarets. The most up-to-date Oxford undergraduate wears side-whiskers, and collects glass lustres, wax fruits, family albums, antimacassars and other bijoutry of the early Victorian art."

It is news to me that the intellectually elect frequent cabarets, and I understand that the undergraduate cult of side-whiskers, such as it was, died young. In any case, this freak of Young Intelligence is merely one fashion pushing out another. Sound literary or historical criticism has nothing to do with it. Had the side-whisker, wax-fruit, and antimacassar cult broken out at the sister university, I might have been tempted to suppose that it was due to a reverence for things Victorian inspired by the lectures of the King Edward VII. Professor of English. But such a movement was improbable, for Sir Arthur taught the essentials, rather than the accidents of the Victorian virtue.

A typical and very charming reflection of the period is to be found in the second volume of the late Rev. S. Baring-Gould's memoirs, "FURTHER REMINISCENCES" (The Bodley Head; 16s.), which carries on the story of a most interesting literary, clerical, and social life from 1864 to 1894. Like the former volume, it contains many valuable notes on foreign travels, on Devonshire and Cornish folk-lore, and folk-songs, in the collection of which Mr. Baring-Gould did such excellent work. The author was also a keen observer of nature, and has set down some attractive details of his personal relations with a favourite jackdaw. Poor Jack was forgiven much, but at length his tricks went too far, and cost him his life.

For a book that bridges most happily the period from the late 'sixties to the present day, you could not do better than take up Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen's "MEMORIES" (Murray; 10s. 6d.). For the most part these racy reminiscences are political, but they are introduced by amusing glimpses of Rugby and Oxford from the late 'seventies to the 'eighties. Sir Arthur's anecdotal style is first-rate, and, although he is anything but a pedant, he has never let slip the fine old educational tradition in which he was brought up. It influences every line he writes, and yet it is never consciously obtrusive. Let us hope that our keen young Georgians may yet attain to the finished manner of the Victorian born. But one suspects that the junior wisecrackers' discipline (save in the article of war) has been less rigorous.

VICEROY; FOREIGN SECRETARY; BUT NEVER PREMIER: LORD CURZON.

CAMERA-PORTRAIT OF LORD CURZON BY E. O. HOPPÉ. OTHER PORTRAITS BY LAFAYETTE AND HAY WRIGHTSON.



LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, EX-FOREIGN SECRETARY, AND EX-VICEROY OF INDIA: THE LATE MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

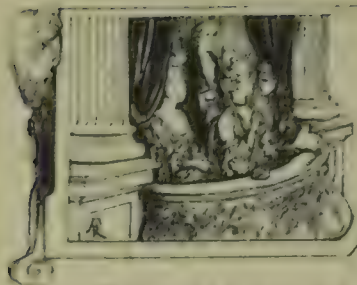


LORD CURZON'S SUCCESSOR AS VISCOUNT SCARSDALE: MR. R. N. CURZON, A NEPHEW, AND HIS WIFE.

The death of Lord Curzon closed a career that had been brilliant from his Oxford days onward, but failed to lead to his greatest ambition—the office of Prime Minister. George Nathaniel Curzon was born in 1859 at Kedleston, Derbyshire, where his father, Baron Scarsdale, was Rector. On leaving Oxford he travelled widely in the East and described his journeys in several books. He entered Parliament in 1886, and, after being successively Under-Secretary for India and for Foreign Affairs, was Viceroy of India from 1899 to 1905. His term of office, during which he held the Coronation Durbar after the accession of King Edward, was marked by great magnificence. During the war he was Lord Privy Seal, President of the Air Board, Lord President of the Council, and a member of the War Cabinet of four. Afterwards he was Foreign Secretary from 1919 to 1924. Lord Curzon married, first, Miss Mary Leiter, of Washington. She died in 1906, leaving him with three daughters, and in 1917 he married Grace Elvina, widow of Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Aires. His eldest daughter, Lady Irene Curzon, succeeds by special remainder to the Barony of Ravensdale, while the Viscounty of Scarsdale passes to his nephew, Mr. Richard N. Curzon, who married Miss Mildred Carson Dunbar. There is no heir to the Marquessate.



HEIRESS TO HER FATHER'S BARONY OF RAVENS DALE: LADY IRENE CURZON.



The World of the Theatre.



THE AMERICAN INVASION.—MODERN INTELLECTUAL COMEDY.—A PROMISING DRAMATIST.

The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it.—P. J. BAILEY ("Festus").

IS there a recipe for happiness? Have the Americans discovered how to work the talisman into their entertainments? What is the secret of the success of "No No Nanette," at the Palace? It isn't a comedy—at least, not according to the canons of criticism. It has nothing to do with life, and yet, paradoxically, it has everything to do with it. Pulsating with energy, it explodes like cordite, shattering all the idiot moralities of the tribe of Polonius with zest. You find yourself caught up in an infectious gaiety and irresponsibility that gathers momentum in its progress until, in a calenture of delirium, you forget the newspapers, forget the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which the postman drops in your letter-box, forget your livery of Age, and ultimately arrive at that blessed stage when you feel you could extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

Is it music? Is this concatenation of fevered sound rasping from saxophone, trombone, and savage brass, in rhythms as emphatic and barbaric as a primitive festal dance, to be called music? It calls itself musical comedy. Shades of Sullivan, Lehar, and all the company of the apostles who have inured us to "linked sweetness long drawn out," to sentimental idylls, and bromidic melodies! This is all vigour—intense, concentrated, masterful syncopation that insists on your tapping your heel and sends you home singing with gusto, "I want to be h—happy." It is a wise precaution to see you do not fumble with the latchkey, for your state is one of melodic intoxication. It is all laughter too—big-hearted, careless, youthful laughter. The clever little story is pegged with fun. If you can't enjoy Joseph Coyne's amorous vagaries—what an artist!—George Grossmith's indefatigable extravagances, Binnie Hale's exhilarating steps and caprices, Gracie Leigh's racy candours, and Vera Pearce's rotund and orotund agilities, then you are a misanthrope, and I leave you to suck your black humours.

Slickness, pace, intolerance of pedantry, freedom from sticky sentiment, frank indifference to the logic of fact—these are the characteristics of the newly imported American comedies. "The Nervous Wreck" went at a helter-skelter, like a Ford car with the

mean, petty, and trivial. His wit, satire, and parody are mercilessly destructive. He merely performs a negative function. Invariably he makes a study of



"THE PRIMROSE PATH TO THE EVERLASTING BON-FIRE"? MR. LESLIE HENSON AS A FIREMAN IN A NEW EPISODE OF "PRIMROSE" AT THE WINTER GARDEN, ADDED SINCE ITS "BICENTENARY."

"Primrose," the popular musical comedy at the Winter Garden Theatre, recently passed its two-hundredth performance, and some amusing new scenes have been grafted upon it. In one of them Mr. Leslie Henson, as a fireman, indicates the use of a soda-syphon as an extinguisher. Selections from "Primrose" have been broadcast more than once.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

the unpleasant, and, in consequence, he is either blightingly pessimistic or else wearily didactic. "The

Vortex" may be called a good example. One of the characters confesses it is "a vortex of beastliness." There is no humour, no pity, no beauty, no exhilarating *joie-de-vivre*. All is stark ugliness and bitter cynicism. Clever? Yes; brilliantly clever, but unrefreshing to the end. This art [can only be compared in its meticulous intellectuality to the Walter Bayes school of artists who rule out emotion and resolve Nature into geometrical figures. "The Verge," which Miss Thorndike is to produce, is a tragedy of the same genus. Here vice is the main-spring. Erotic mania develops through homicidal mania into religious mania. I am not denying its merits as literature, for it is as well written as it

openly in the drawing-room. Our daughters can tell as good a golf story as their brothers. A lapse from virtue is only an incidental thrill, providing there are no accidents, and the alleged behaviour in the summer-house in "Our Betters" shocked nobody. But the world and his wife are none the worse. Indeed, in standards of conduct they are more generous as in vocabulary they are more honest. Why must the intellectual deny the normal? Beneath this superficial laxity of manners and speech the heart remains sound. Love remains a beautiful thing and Laughter a clean thing. Passion may be a triviality to the comedian, but, if I have eyes to see, it is no triviality to those lovers who take their walks abroad arm-in-arm.

Let comedy be stimulating and sane, like "Saint Joan"; sweet and fresh, like "The Farmer's Wife"; garrulous and racial, like "Persevering Pat"; delicious and earnest, like Sheridan at the Lyric. Let it be a witty, farcical *marivaultage* like "The Grand Duchess"—what you will, so long as it unstops the fountains of good, wholesome laughter. I can well understand the attitude of the man who is sick at the wretchedness and ironies of everyday life flying from these intellectuals as Maupassant ran from the Eiffel Tower. We have need of a buoyant philosophy. The hardest thing in the stress of existence is to be both sane and cheerful.

I have on my desk a copy of "The Sisters' Tragedy and Three Other Plays," by Richard Hughes (Heinemann). The longest, "A Comedy of Good and Evil," is too supernatural, too diffuse, and its symbolism is too obscure to be effective. "The Man Born to be Hanged" is skilfully written and develops to an unexpected climax, and, like the "Comedy of Danger," is violently realistic. The latter play is not without distinction, but is marred by the unnecessary death of the miner. "The Sisters' Tragedy," which was produced by the Grand Guignol in 1922, is a genuine masterpiece in one act. In this old manor house among the Welsh uplands dwell three sisters and a deaf mute who is the curse of their lives. There he sits, a figure as full of foreboding horror as the nameless witches in "Macbeth"—there he croaks in the tragic gloom of the sunlit room. How he plays on the ignorant, supersensitive, over-wrought mind of the youngest of the tragic sisters till she finally kills him, is the theme. I can only think of one other story, Tchekov's "Sleep," that compares with it in intensity. Here is nothing of mechanical contrivance, nothing of theatrical shuddering. The dialogue with its Spartan simplicity wears the aspect of truth. The economy of detail and the sure delineation of character, the natural sequence of climaxes and the moving pity that radiates the play, give a rich promise that one day Richard Hughes will be a dramatist to be reckoned with.

G. F. H.



A REAL "SILLY ASS" COMEDIAN: MAH JONG, THE PERFORMING DONKEY IN "BOODLE," AT THE EMPIRE, WITH MR. JACK BUCHANAN IN THE NAME-PART.

Mah Jong, the performing donkey of Dixon's Royal Circus, in "Boodle" at the Empire, has a habit of wandering over to the front corner of the stage every now and then to munch the flowers placed there. Mr. Jack Buchanan is here seen endeavouring to dissuade him.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

throttle full open; "Just Married" is a wild extravaganza without rhyme or reason; "The Show-Off" was a palaver of nonsense; "Lightnin'," quite apart from the masterly study of Bill by Horace Hodges, is as frantically improbable and impossible as the others. In a word, we are in a theatre that refuses to be serious, and this is a comedy that is vulgar in the best sense.

Vulgar or non-intellectual comedy is an emancipatory force. It is the reaction against the dehumanised intellectual comedy which fastens on our follies with beak and talon. Psychologists have argued that in the tendencies which animate art "Action and Reaction are equal and opposite." What do we find in serious comedy? The intellectual, excluding passion, looking on life narrowly, sees it

is conceived. But I ask—what value has it for you or me? In the words of the Litany, "There is no health in us." As drama it is like "an ill-roasted egg, all on one side." Better a second-rate American farce, with no literary distinction and no veracity; better a riotous, energising American musical comedy, with a wind of laughter in it; better a crude, manufactured, clutching thriller that makes you catch your breath in excitement, than this enervating, sex-obsessed, malicious, destructive, intellectual comedy, or this infected breed of tragedy.

In a way these "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time" show the "form and pressure" of our age. Freud and Jung have saturated the novel, and in a recent philosophical exposition of comedy the author derives every emotion, noble and ignoble, from sex. We discuss Marie Stopes and Birth Control quite



DISGUISED AS A CLOWN BECAUSE HE THINKS HE HAS COMMITTED A MURDER: MR. JACK BUCHANAN AS LORD ALGERNON KENILWORTH (BOODLE) IN "BOODLE," AT THE EMPIRE.

"Boodle" is a musical-comedy adaptation of Mr. H. M. Paull's play, "The New Clown," and provides Mr. Jack Buchanan with excellent opportunities in the name-part. Boodle—otherwise Lord Algernon Kenilworth—believes himself to have committed murder, and appears in the second act disguised as a circus clown.

A JAZZ MUSICAL COMEDY TRIUMPH: "NO NO NANETTE," AT THE PALACE.



PERPLEXED BY THE BLANDISHMENTS OF "HIS LADY FRIENDS": MR. JOSEPH COYNE AND (L. TO R.) MISS FLORENCE BAYFIELD, MISS JOAN BARRY, AND MISS VERA PEARCE.



IN ONE OF THE SONGS THAT HAVE CAUGHT THE PUBLIC EAR: MISS BINNIE HALE AND MR. SEYMOUR BEARD SINGING "TEA FOR TWO."



THE BEST BIT OF "TEAM WORK" ON THE STAGE FOR MANY A LONG DAY: MR. JOSEPH COYNE (LEFT), AS CLIENT, CONSULTS MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, AS HIS LAWYER, ABOUT HIS ENTANGLEMENTS.



A MODERN CINDERELLA AND MUSICAL-COMEDY LAWYER: MISS BINNIE HALE AS NANETTE AND MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AS BILLY EARLY.



THE LAWYER BRINGS HIS CLIENT GOOD NEWS: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH (RIGHT) SHOWS MR. COYNE A TELEGRAM THAT CONCERNS HIS FEMININE ENTANGLEMENTS.

"No No Nanette," of which we have already given some photographs in our last issue, scored an immediate triumph on its recent production at the Palace Theatre. Its success is due in part to the excellent all-round acting—particularly that of those two veteran but ever-youthful comedians, Mr. Joseph Coyne and Mr. George Grossmith, who play up to each other with inimitable effect—and partly to the drolleries of the plot, the raciness of the dialogue, and the catchy seduction of the jazz tunes. Several of the songs—especially "Tea for Two" and "I want to be Happy"—at once captured the public ear, and there is an

air of exuberant light-heartedness all through the piece. It has been described as a musical version of the popular American farce, "His Lady Friends," in which the late Charles Hawtrey was a rich man with an economical wife, and embarrassed by his disinterested generosity to a bevy of demonstrative damsels. This part now falls to Mr. Coyne, as Jimmy Smith. Conversely Mr. Grossmith, as his legal adviser, Billy Early, is afflicted with an extravagant wife. Miss Binnie Hale, as Nanette, is the protégée of Mrs. Smith, whose prohibitions give the piece its title; while Mr. Seymour Beard is Mrs. Early's nephew.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPECIAL PRESS,

OF RECENT EVENTS AND MEMORABLE OCCASIONS.

C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND P. AND A.



DESTROYED BY A FIRE THAT SPREAD TO ANOTHER A QUARTER OF A MILE OFF: THE BREAKERS HOTEL, ONE OF TWO BURNT DOWN AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, WITH DAMAGE EXCEEDING £400,000.



THE CENTENARY OF RAILWAYS SHORTLY TO BE CELEBRATED: THE FIRST ENGINE USED ON THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON LINE IN 1825 BESIDE A MODERN L.N.E.R. LOCOMOTIVE OF 1925.



A DOUBLE TRIUMPH FOR SCOTTISH "RUGGER": THE OF 60,000—AN INCIDENT IN THE



MAGNIFICENT NEW GROUND AT MURRAYFIELD INAUGURATED BY SCOTLAND'S FIRST WINNING OF THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP SINCE 1907 BEFORE A RECORD CROWD ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND MATCH, SHOWING A VAST EMBANKMENT OF HUMAN PACES, TOPPED AT INTERVALS BY PAIRS OF SPECTATORS SEATED ON NOTICE-BOARDS.



LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP: MR. W. FILMER-SANKEY'S RUDDYGLOW (OWNER UP).



WITH VESSELS THAT CONTAINED FOOD FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE OTHER WORLD: A SKELETON UNEARTHED AT PUEBLO GRANDE DE NEVADA, THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED PREHISTORIC AMERICAN CITY, WHOSE RUINS EXTEND FOR SIX MILES BESIDE A RIVER IN SOUTHERN NEVADA.



MADE BEFORE THE POTTER'S WHEEL WAS KNOWN: VERY ANCIENT POTTERY FROM PUEBLO GRANDE DE NEVADA BEING RECONSTRUCTED, BY MR. E. J. BUSH, AT THE AMERICAN INDIAN MUSEUM.



A UNIQUE WAR MEMORIAL: THE WEST END AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION'S NEW INSTRUCTION TANK AT HAMMERSMITH, CONSTRUCTED IN MEMORY OF 115 MEMBERS KILLED IN THE WAR.

Two great hotels at Palm Beach, Florida, the fashionable American winter resort—the Breakers Hotel and the Palm Beach Hotel—were destroyed by fire on March 18 with a loss estimated at over 2,000,000 dollars (£400,000). The fire began about 4 p.m. on the third storey of the Breakers, and sparks blown by the wind set alight the other hotel, a quarter of a mile away, though intervening buildings were untouched. Both were as dry as tinder from the effect of the tropical sun. Some 500 guests lost most of their belongings.—The centenary of railways is to be celebrated in June at Darlington, as it was on the Stockton and Darlington line that the first organised train was run in 1825.—Scotland beat England in the final of the International "Rugger" Championship, on March 21, by 2 goals and a dropped goal (14 points) to a goal, a penalty goal, and a try (11 points) after a desperate struggle, thus winning the championship and the Calcutta Cup for the first time since 1907. It was an auspicious inauguration of the huge new ground at Murrayfield, where

the game was watched by a record "Rugger" crowd of about 60,000 spectators.—Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey rode his own horse, Ruddy glow, to victory in the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park on March 20.—As noted in our issue of March 21, where we illustrated a kindred discovery in New Mexico, ruins of a great prehistoric Indian city were recently found in southern Nevada by an expedition from the American Indian Museum (Heye Foundation). The city, which has been named Pueblo Grande de Nevada, extended for six miles along a river, and is believed to date from between 5000 and 10,000 years ago. Much ancient pottery was unearthed, besides human skeletons buried with vessels containing provisions for the journey to the other world.—The West End Amateur Rowing Association has constructed at Hammersmith an instruction tank as a memorial to 115 of its members killed in the war. The work was done by members of the Association. Mr. Harcourt Gold, the well-known Oxford oarsman and coach, performed the opening ceremony on March 23.

The Great Friendship: "Crabs" and Gentleman-like Dogs.

"DOG AND MAN." By A. SLOAN AND A. FARQUHAR.*

THE "small" dog who could pass through the Plantaganet "stirrup" gauge and frequent the forest, the "large" dog who could not; the god, the demi-god, and the idol; the mythical, the memorable, and the modern; the friend who "loves you more than he loves himself" and, walking on all fours, neither vexes nor betrays the Walpoles of our world; the hunters, "the boar-desiring ones"; the faithful shepherd; the warrior in chain-mail and with spiked collar; the precious pet; the willing servant; the sacrifice; the dainty dish to be eaten with whey or as a Celestial roast; the slave forced to pull the deadly mandrake shrieking from the earth, that wisdom might be magically promoted, compelled to draw carts and to treadmill in the turnspit-wheel; the dog "self-clothed and self-shod, watchful, wakeful, and sharp-toothed, born to watch over man's goods. . . strong of body against the evil-doer and watchful over your goods when he is of sound mind"—of these and of their kindred our authors tell: "certes, the longer we live the more we observe in these dogges."

Dog, indeed, has been Man's most constant companion throughout the ages: the Kumis even urge that he is responsible for living man! "They say that God first created the world, the trees and all the creeping things. Then He took clay and fashioned one man and one woman, but every night, whilst God slept, the great snake came and devoured the images, which were yet without life. God was at His wit's end, for it took Him the whole twelve hours of daylight to make one pair, and the other twelve He had to sleep to gain strength for His labours."

"Day after day this went on; God made the two images, man and woman, and left them ready in the evening, so that after His twelve hours' rest He could take them up again and complete His work by giving them life. And night after night, after darkness fell, the great snake crept out, and stealthily devoured them both; and in the morning the work was all to do again."

"At last God had a good idea. He rose one morning extra early, took a little clay, and fashioned dog and immediately put life into it, and that night, after He had made still another man and woman, He put the dog to watch over the images, and told him to howl to frighten away the snake when he came to devour them. This he successfully did."

Other peoples, other beliefs; but the dog remains chum and helpmeet. There are many strange stories of his hold upon human affections.

His sway over Rameses II. was such that the name of one of his kind was "Anaitis-in-Power."

"Herodotus tells us that the Governor of Babylon had such a large number of dogs that four towns were exempted from taxes and appointed to provide these dogs with food instead."

An Emperor of old China, receiving a little dog from Persia, "gave it the fierce name of 'Ch'ih Fu,' or Red Tiger, and bestowed upon it the rank and privileges of a duke."

"The Emperor Ling Ti (A.D. 168) had a little dog whom he kept in his garden, and of whom he was so fond that he gave him the official hat of the Chow-Hsien grade—the highest literary rank of the period. Many of the Emperor's dogs were given the rank of K'ai Fu (nearly that of a Viceroy), and the females were given the ranks of the wives of the corresponding officials."

"So much did the Emperor who lived in A.D. 1300 love dogs that he went to the extent of stealing them from his subjects."

Charles II.'s delight in the "King Charles"—successor to the "spaniel gentle, or the comforter," or, as Dr. Caius had it, "meete playfellowes for mincing mistresses"—is well known. Less familiar is a fact about Henry III. of Navarre, who, according to L'Etoile, "spent more than 10,000 écus a year on dogs, and besides he had three tiny dogs, which

he wore in a basket tied about his neck with a wide blue ribbon. Sully, in his letter, says that he found Henry 'une cappe les epaules, son petit toquet en teste, et un panier pendu en eschape au col comes les vendeurs de fromage, dans lequel il y avait deux ou trois petits chiens pas plus gros que le poing.'"

Especially, to return to China, must be noted the fondness of the late Empress Dowager for the Pekingese. Her rules for the general behaviour and the management of the palace dogs encouraged them to be dainty, "so that by their fastidiousness they might be known as Imperial dogs." It was written: "Sharks' fins and curlews' livers and breasts of quail, on these may it be fed, and for drink give it the tea that is brewed from the spring buds of the shrub that groweth in the province of Hankow, or the milk of antelopes that pasture in the Imperial parks. . . Thus shall it preserve its integrity and self-respect, and for the day of sickness let it be anointed with the clarified fat of the leg of a sacred leopard, and give it to drink a throstle's egg-shell full of the juice of the custard apple, in which has been dissolved three pinches of shredded rhinoceros horn,

and apply to it piebald leeches." Then the regal touch: "If it die, remember thou, too, art mortal!"

There were due awards for valour, also. "A dog belonging to a Dublin gunner at the battle of Fontenoi, Mustapha . . . when he saw his master shot down, yelled piteously, and fell upon him, licking his wounds and face and trying to revive him. That

is quite an ordinary and dog-like tale, but now comes the amazing part of the yarn. Seeing a burning fuse nearby, he seized it in his mouth and set it to some gunpowder, which exploded, killing sixty of the enemy (a goodly number in those days), and the rest of them flew for their lives! This wonderful dog was sent to England as a present to King George II., who rewarded him with a soldier's pension! Assuredly the story merited it.

What then could repay adequately the squadrons of fighting-dogs of ancient Greece, of Persia, of Rome, of the Spanish War of Conquest in America, of Attila the Hun, "the scourge of God"? What satisfy the dogs of the Great War? What acknowledge fittingly the witness and the proxy?

"In Savoy dogs were called into the witness-box as well as into the dock, and their evidence was allowed. If a man's house was broken into by a burglar, and the owner killed the burglar, it was looked upon as justifiable homicide. It was, however, thought possible that an unscrupulous man living alone might kill someone and then say that he had been caught burgling in his house. In a case of this kind, the murderer had to produce his dog to give evidence, as he had presumably seen the crime committed."

"The man was required to make his declaration of innocence before his dog, and if his statement passed unchallenged he was set free."

As to proxy; the dog was not so passive. "We read in the history of our own country of the 'ordeals by fire,' but there the accused stood the test for himself. In the Congo some tribes use the poison ordeal to discover guilt, and this is administered to the suspected person's dog. . . The poison is given very weak, so that no death results, only sickness and temporary collapse. If the poison has a very slight effect, and causes only a slight sickness, then the person is released as not guilty."

Again, what could repay? Certainly, if revenge were the only reward claimable, there might suffice the Zoroastrians' punishments for any who brought drought by slaying a water-dog, "born from a thousand he-dogs and a thousand she-dogs." Here are a few: "First of all, the murderer shall endure 20,000 stripes upon his bare flesh, and carry a similar number of loads of wood. He shall then kill 10,000 snakes 'of those that go upon the belly,' and 10,000 snakes of those 'that have the shape of a dog' (they are dog-like because they sit upon their hind parts). He shall kill also 10,000 tortoises, 20,000 frogs, 10,000 cats, and 10,000 earthworms and horrid flies, and this is but a small beginning of the penalties. . ."

Better, obviously and naturally, to honour the dog, even to permit it to bark at will—if only in remembrance of those protective and guarding qualities which may have started the idea of "having men dressed as dogs about the Court. . . In the year 701 there was a body of Imperial Guards in the Royal Palace of the Emperor of China whose task it was to bark like dogs on special occasions to drive away evil spirits or ghosts."

Thus our authors, revelling in their subject; writing lightly but with learning of "Crabs" and gentleman-like dogs, of the poor and the rich, of the wanderer and the home-lover, of the sportsman and the ladies' darling. Their book will delight those thousands who subscribe to the creed of St. Bernard of Clairvaux: "The love of angels to man is similar to that of a man's friendship for his dog."

E. H. G.



DOGS OF LONG AGO: (?) A POMERANIAN OF 600-300 B.C. (FOUND IN THE FAYYUM); A MALTESE OF 600-300 B.C. (FOUND IN THE FAYYUM); AND A POMERANIAN OF 800 B.C.—ALL FROM TERRA-COTTA MODELS. READING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.



DOGS OF LONG AGO: A MALTESE DOG OF 65 B.C. (FROM A MODEL IN TERRA-COTTA); A DOG BELONGING TO KING ASSURBANIPAL (625 B.C.); AND A MALTESE DOG OF 65 B.C. (FROM A MODEL IN TERRA-COTTA)—READING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.



A MOSAIC AT POMPEII: "CAVE CANEM."

"The porters at the entrance to Roman houses always had a dog; hence the 'Cave Canem' which was proverbial amongst the Romans. Pictures of dogs were frequently painted outside their houses, or laid in the mosaic just inside the front door."

Reproductions from "Dog and Man," by Courtesy of the Authors, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

* "Dog and Man: The Story of a Friendship." By A. Sloan and A. Farquhar. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

"FRIEND OF MAN" BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN: AN XVIIITH DYNASTY DOG.

FROM A FACSIMILE WATER COLOUR BY MRS. N. DE G. DAVIES.



AN EARLY RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN DOG AND MAN, FROM ANCIENT EGYPT: A WALL-PAINTING FROM THE TOMB OF NEBAMUN AT THEBES (XVIIITH DYNASTY), REPRESENTING "A FAVOURITE BITCH OF THE DECEASED."

As an appropriate pendant to the fascinating book reviewed on the opposite page, we reproduce this picture of an ancient Egyptian's favourite dog, painted on the wall of his tomb at Thebes over three thousand years ago. The dog held a place of honour in Egyptian life in the remote past, when kings had their dogs buried with them. Many of the wall-paintings in the tombs of ancient Egyptian nobles and officials show dogs of various breeds seated by the chairs of their masters

or accompanying them in the chase. In the tomb of Prince Maherpra, who lived in the time of the great Queen Hatshepsut (*circa* B.C. 1500), were found two embossed leather dog-collars. The Tomb of Nebamun at Thebes, in which the above wall-painting was found, also dates from the period of that Queen, about a hundred and forty years before the time of Tutankhamen, who likewise belonged to the XVIIIth Dynasty.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE OXFORD ("STREAMLINE") AND CAMBRIDGE (ORTHODOX) BOAT-RACE: THE 77TH "BATTLE OF THE BLUES."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL G.P.U. AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT, BUILT ON CONVENTIONAL LINES: THE LIGHT BLUES STARTING FOR THEIR FIRST SPIN ON THE ACTUAL COURSE, AFTER HAVING TRANSFERRED THEIR HEADQUARTERS TO PUTNEY FROM THE UPPER THAMES AT GORING.

HERE THEY TRAINED AFTER LEAVING ELY.

THE DARK BLUES: PORTRAITS OF THE OXFORD CREW IN ORDER OF ROWING (FROM THE TOP DOWNWARDS).

1. Bow, D. C. Bennett (Shrewsbury and Hereford).
2. C. E. Peman (Eton and Christ Church).
3. E. C. T. Edwards (Westminster and Christ Church).
4. M. R. Grant (Winchester and Christ Church).
5. G. J. Mower-White (Rushy and Hereford).
6. J. D. W. Thomson (Eton and University).
7. G. L. G. Goddard (Eton and Christ Church).
8. Stroke, A. V. Campbell (Eton and Christ Church).
- Cox, H. Knox (Highgate and Hallow).
- * An Old Blue.



ON THEIR "STREAMLINE" BOAT: OXFORD DURING A TRIAL SPIN, AS SEEN FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WITH RATHBONE AT NO. 6.

THE LIGHT BLUES: PORTRAITS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN ORDER OF ROWING (FROM THE TOP DOWNWARDS).

- *Bow, G. E. G. Goddard (Imperial Service College, Windsor, and Eton).
- *2. W. F. Smith (Shrewsbury and First Trinity).
3. H. R. Carver (Eton and Third Trinity).
- *4. J. S. Herbert (Eton and King's).
- *5. G. H. Amble (Shrewsbury and Clare).
- *6. G. L. Elliott-Smith (St. Peter's, York, and Lady Margaret).
7. S. K. Tubbs (Shrewsbury and Caius).
- Stroke, A. G. Wansborough (Eton and King's).
- Cox, J. A. Brown (Clifton and Caius).
- * An Old Blue.



IN A BOAT OF ORTHODOX BUILD: CAMBRIDGE DURING A TRIAL SPIN, AS SEEN FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE.

Interest in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race (fixed for March 28) is, if anything, keener than ever this year, partly through curiosity as to whether the result will be affected by Oxford's new type of "streamline" boat and oar-blades shaped on scientific principles, as devised by their coach, Dr. G. C. Bourne. The innovations were illustrated by diagrams in our issue of March 14. Cambridge also produced a new boat and oars on March 16, but they were both constructed on the orthodox lines. Of the 76 previous races Oxford have won 40 and Cambridge 35, while one—that of 1877—was a dead-heat. From 1915 to 1919, owing to the war, the event was in abeyance, and in the races rowed since Cambridge have been the more successful, having won in 1920 by 4 lengths, in 1921 by 1 length, in 1922 by 4½ lengths, and last year again by 4½ lengths; while Oxford won in 1923 by 1 length. Cambridge won the last

race before the war, in 1914, but before that Oxford had five victories in succession. In 1912 the race had to be rowed twice, as both the boats sank in rough water on the first occasion. This year Oxford had the disadvantage, during the important last few weeks of practice, of losing temporarily their regular No. 6, Mr. J. W. D. Thomson, who was absent for a time through illness. His place was capably taken by Mr. W. Rathbone, of Radley and Christ Church, who is an old Blue, but Mr. Thomson returned to the boat on March 18. On the following day another misfortune befell Oxford, for their President, Mr. G. J. Mower-White (No. 5 in the boat) contracted a chill that temporarily disabled him from rowing. We should add that our portraits show the crews as constituted at the time of going to press, and that there is always the possibility of changes up to the last moment before the race.

TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: THE BOAT-RACE CREWS ANAGLYPHED.



SHARING THE FATE OF "EROS": NEW YORK'S COUNTERPART—"DIANA."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBE, SUPPLIED BY G.P.A.



THE "DIANA" OF MADISON SQUARE SUFFERS THE SAME FATE AS THE "EROS" OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS: THE SAINT-GAUDENS STATUE SURMOUNTING STANFORD WHITE'S TOWER IN NEW YORK, MODELLED ON THE TOWER OF THE GIRALDA AT SEVILLE.

The statue of Diana by Saint-Gaudens, at the top of the tower in Madison Square, is as familiar to New Yorkers as was Alfred Gilbert's Eros, recently removed from Piccadilly, to Londoners, and, curiously enough, has met with a similar fate. The Diana figure is also remarkably like the Eros, although it occupied a more elevated position, and the huntress-goddess draws her bow at game rather than at human hearts. It is reported that the famous old Madison Square Garden, which belongs to the New York Life Insurance Company, is to be demolished, and an immense office building is to be erected on the site. The

Chancellor of New York University recently appealed for 25,000 dollars to rebuild on University Heights the Moorish tower in Madison Square designed by Stanford White. "The company," said the "New York Times" of February 8, "will retain possession of the bronze statue after the building is torn down, and has not yet announced what disposition it will make of it." The same paper quoted Mr. Cass Gilbert, the American architect, as saying that the re-building "would preserve to the world one of its most beautiful towers, of far more grace and charm than its prototype, the much-acclaimed Tower of the Giralda of Seville."

THE ART OF NORMAN LINDSAY: AN AUSTRALIAN PAINTER OF FANTASY.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY NORMAN LINDSAY. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



"THE GALLEON": A CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE BY NORMAN LINDSAY, THE WELL-KNOWN AUSTRALIAN PAINTER, FROM HIS EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

The work of Norman Lindsay has been well known in this country since the Exhibition of Australian Art held at Burlington House in 1923, when it aroused much interest and discussion. His reputation has been further enhanced by his own exhibition opened recently at the Leicester Galleries, which included

the charming water-colour here reproduced. Mr. Lindsay excels in scenes of fantasy and imagination, as in the above example, or of pagan revelry with an idyllic atmosphere, and has a remarkably vivid power of representing human figures in movement. He was born at Creswick, Victoria, in 1879.

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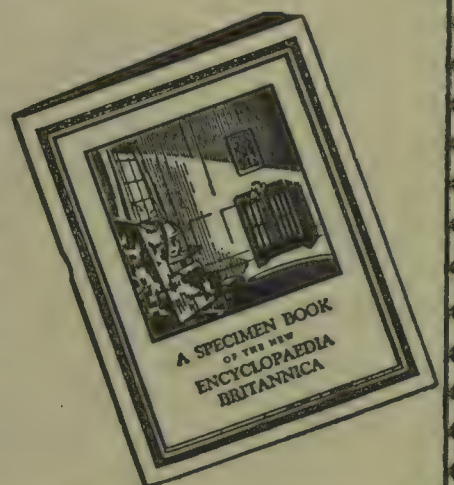
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HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES AND TOPICAL EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, TWYCCROSS, L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



HOW HELP IS SUMMONED IN CASE OF ACCIDENT IN THE GRAND NATIONAL: A TELEPHONE OPERATOR WITH HIS BOX, AS STATIONED AT THE CORNER OF EVERY OTHER ONE OF THE SIXTEEN FENCES.



SO MADE THAT THE CONTENTS SQUIRT OVER THE DRINKER'S FACE IF HE FAILS TO EMPTY IT AT ONE DRAUGHT: A YARD OF ALE GLASS WITH A BULB AT THE END.



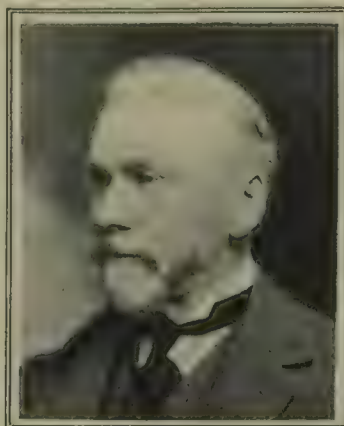
WITH A FLAT BASE, BUT SIMILAR SQUIRTING POWER: THE YARD OF ALE GLASS ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



NEW PROFESSOR OF PHYSIC AT CAMBRIDGE: SIR HUMPHRY DAVY ROLLESTON, M.D.



A FAMOUS SINGER AND TEACHER OF SINGING: THE LATE MARIE BREMA.



ART DEALER, CONNOISSEUR, AND COLLECTOR: THE LATE SIR GEORGE DONALDSON.



A SIGNATORY TO THE FIRST PETITION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE: THE LATE MME. BELLOC.



NEW C.-IN-C. IN INDIA AND FIELD-MARSHAL: GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD.



WITH THE COAT-OF-ARMS MADE FOR KING EDWARD IN 1876 OVER THE DOOR: THE ENTRANCE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APARTMENTS IN THE AFT DECK OF THE "REPULSE."



TO BEGUILLE THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES: HIS PIANOLA COMING ABOARD THE "REPULSE," IN WHICH HE SAILS FROM PORTSMOUTH ON MARCH 28.

The British Museum recently acquired one of the very rare examples of the old English Yard of Ale glasses of the eighteenth century, so constructed at the lower end that, if the drinker paused to take breath, or tilted the glass too high, the beer came down with a rush and splashed him. Some have a flat base, like the Museum specimen, and others end in a globe.—Sir H. D. Rolleston, whose mother was a niece of Sir Humphry Davy, is President of the Royal College of Physicians and Physician-in-Ordinary to the King.—Marie Brema, who was born at Liverpool in 1856, made her concert début in 1891 and later was famous in opera. At Manchester, where she died, she had directed an operatic class at the College of Music.—Sir George Donaldson formerly had a

famous art gallery in New Bond Street. He presented a great collection of instruments to the Royal College of Music.—Mme. Belloc, who was ninety-five, was the mother of Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and herself a distinguished writer. With Harriet Martineau and Florence Nightingale, she signed the first petition for woman suffrage, and she was a friend of George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Gaskell.—Sir William Birdwood is the first General to be simultaneously promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal and appointed Commander-in-Chief in India—a post never before held by a Field-Marshal, though holders of it have reached that rank afterwards. During the war he commanded the Dardanelles Army and, later, the Australian forces in France.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

BRAINWAVES.



Poaching the Test.

These days of Bolshevik unrest
Have roused in Bertie's simple breast
An ardent wish to poach the Test;
'Mid streaming weeds of brilliant green
In limpid waters crystal clean
Fat trout lie speckled and serene.

Bad Bertie with a beaming face
Most definitely falls from grace,
Ah, fishing breeds a godless race!
He thinks he hears the lazy trout
Imploring him to pull them out—
And no one seems to be about.

But who is this empurpled man,
Storming as only Colonels can,
And shouting like a baseball fan?
He owns the fishing, it appears,
And seems to rage and swear for years—
A touch of liver, Bertie fears!

"I've so enjoyed your little joke,"
Smiles Bertie, "Won't you have a smoke?
Don't risk an apoplectic stroke!"
A crowded hour of trout and Test
Is paid for with Abdulla's Best—
Bertie is now the Colonel's guest!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA'S BRIGHTEN BRAINS



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE WALRUS: FURTHER LIGHT ON ITS DIET.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ON this page, on March 7, it may be remembered, I was enabled to give some interesting facts about the food of the walrus, which ran counter to the generally accepted beliefs on this theme. The Eskimos, I stated, asserted that it fed on seals, and, so far as I can make out, they seem to believe that seal-meat forms its staple, if not its exclusive, diet, which has always been supposed, hitherto, to consist of large shell-fish. The form of the teeth certainly confirms this belief. But there seemed, at the time I wrote, no escape from the acceptance of their statements; or, at any rate, from the admission that seals were occasionally attacked and eaten. That is to say, the weight of evidence, furnished by an examination of the skull of a walrus, appeared to make the capture of such prey a matter at least of extreme difficulty, yet one seemed compelled to the admission that the impossible was achieved by them—which is no new experience to those who have to make an intensive study of animals living and dead.

No sooner had I sent my MS. to press, than I received from my old friend Dr. Gray a long letter, and copy of extracts from the log of the good ship *Eclipse*, commanded by his father, David Gray, who for many years was engaged in the Greenland whaling industry. Now there is no man more qualified to speak in the matter of all that pertains to whaling, and no man who stands higher in the respect of men of science, than Captain Gray. To him, and to Scoresby, we owe most of what we know of the life-history of the now almost extinct Greenland whale. Dr. J. E. Gray, his son, for some years before he took up the study of medicine, sailed with his father, and has himself killed more than one whale; and this in the days when the harpoon had to be thrown by hand from the bow of a small boat. What follows, then, in this matter of the food of the walrus, can be, and must be, regarded as unimpeachable evidence.

This shows, then, that the walrus is much more of a "mighty hunter" than was supposed, for it appears that not only will it slay seals, but also the narwhal. Let me quote an extract from Dr. Gray's letter—

"From log of S.S. *Eclipse*, of Peterhead, David Gray, Master. July 6th, 1879. Lat. 78 N., Long. 3. W. (about half-way between Greenland and Spitzbergen). Ship amongst unbroken and broken floe-ice, in search of Greenland whales. Saw a walrus in the water holding a narwhal. Secured both walrus and narwhal. Walrus 11 ft. in length, 9 ft. in girth. Its stomach contained pieces of seal and narwhal. Narwhal 14 ft. in length (excluding tusk, the projecting portion of which measured 5 ft.), 9 ft. in girth, recently killed, and disembowelled, the greater part of the belly eaten away, and the skin scored deeply with numerous wounds."

"August 3rd, 1885. . . . Ship amongst unbroken ice-floes, searching for whales. Numbers of floe-seals, bears, and narwhals. Killed a walrus. Found pieces of seal in its stomach. . . . June 22nd, 1887. . . . Ship among broken floe-ice. . . . Saw a walrus in the water with a seal in its mouth. [Italics mine.] Lowered a boat, and killed it. Secured the seal. . . . May 15th, 1888. Ship among large, unbroken floes in search of whales. Killed a male walrus, length 11 ft. . . . Stomach contained large piece of seal's

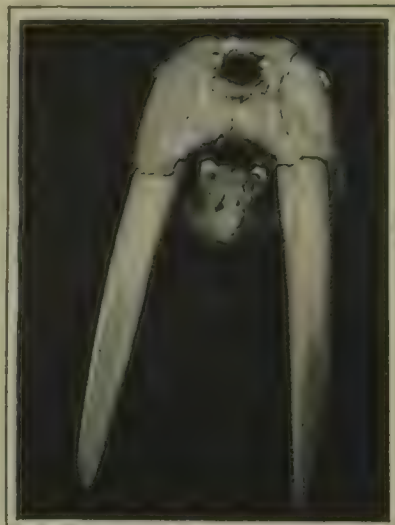
than six inches. To seize either a narwhal or a seal, then, the head must be flung back, brought down with a sudden and powerful sweep, so as to drive the soft body between the long tusks and the point of the lower jaw. This would allow a large mouthful of flesh to be seized, which could then be torn away by violent side-to-side wrenchings, much as a dog shakes a rat. Each mouthful is then bolted whole; and the records of the contents of the stomach bear out this interpretation. In the adjoining photograph

I have contrived to show the extent of the opening of the mouth. Herein it will be seen that the articulation of the lower jaw would make any increase beyond a clearance of six inches impossible.

We have a curious parallel, in this matter of feeding, in the case of the extinct sabre-toothed tiger. In exactly the same way the tusks developed to such a length as to form a bar to the mouth. This animal, which lived much after the fashion of the modern tiger and lion, must have been severely hampered in the struggle for existence by having, so to speak, over-reached himself in the matter of the development of his canines. For it is to be noticed that, in proportion as they increased in length, so the lower jaw had to modify its method of articulation, till at last, in order to get a clearance of as much as six inches—as in the case of the walrus—the lower jaw had to be made to swing back till it came to rest at a point rather more than a right angle with the long axis of the skull. Beyond this the jaw could travel no further back without dislocation. How extensive was this modification in the movement of the jaw will best be appreciated by comparison with the photograph of the skull of a lion, with the mouth opened to the maximum possible, and giving a clearance, between the tips of the canines of the upper and lower series, of about six inches.

The mechanism for the opening of the mouth in the walrus is precisely similar to that of the sabre-toothed tiger, and the angle of the lower jaw, in relation to the long axis of the skull, is the same. But in the sabre-tooth it will be noticed that the incisor teeth of the upper and lower jaws both projected beyond the level of the tusks, thus making it possible to tear off flesh from its victim with comparative ease. This, in the case of the walrus, is absolutely impossible, though, as I have already pointed out, the huge bristles round the mouth might, perhaps, serve the purpose of hooks, to force loose skin within the grip of the toothless front of the mouth. Here it would be held as in a vice, and could be wrenched off by violent side-to-side movements of the head. A glance at the front view of the skull will, perhaps, make this clear.

We must await, then, further observation to show whether the walrus lives mainly on clams, and the flesh of seals and whales when forced by hunger, or whether the converse is the case. Judged



SHOWING THAT, SAVE THE TUSKS, THERE ARE NO TEETH IN THE FRONT OF THE JAW: THE WALRUS SKULL SEEN FROM THE FRONT.



WITH THE LOWER JAW DRAWN BACK TO ADMIT A LARGE MOUTHFUL (AS FROM A SEAL): A SIDE-VIEW OF THE SAME WALRUS SKULL.

"The lower jaw is drawn back to allow a large body, such as that of a seal, to be forced into the mouth by raising the head and striking down upon the victim, so that it becomes wedged between the jaw and the tusks."—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

skin with blubber attached, and pieces of liver. . . . July 1890. . . . Found a dead narwhal floating at the surface. Narwhal disembowelled, part of the belly eaten away, and skin covered with numerous



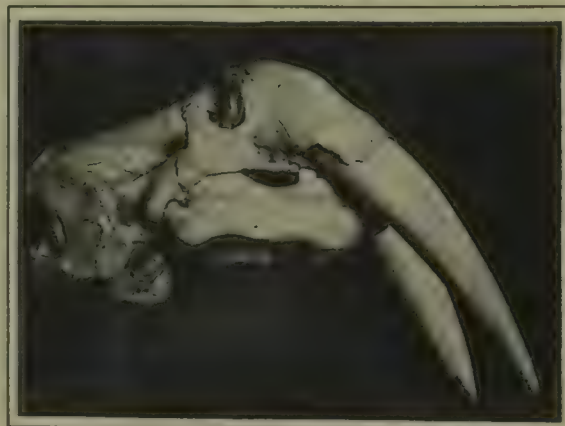
WITH THE LOWER JAW (AS IN THE WALRUS) DRAWN FAR BACK TO ADMIT PREY: THE HEAD OF AN EXTINCT SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER.

"The head of the sabre-toothed tiger shows the remarkable modification of the hinge of the lower jaw, to allow the mouth to be opened wide enough to admit prey between the tips of the upper and lower 'canines,' or 'tusks.'"

deep wounds. . . . There was a large walrus asleep on a piece of ice a few yards away, which was allowed to remain unmolested."

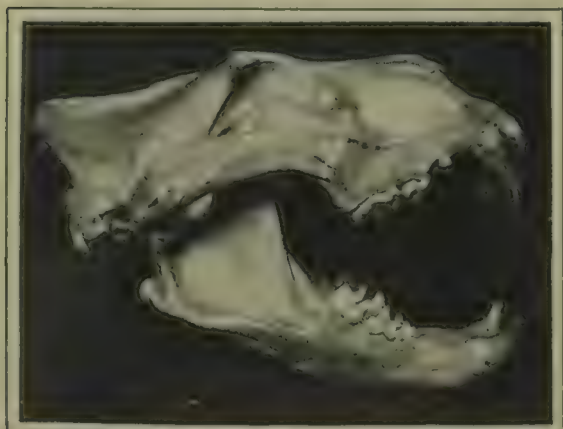
These condensed quotations leave no possibility of doubt as to the habitual frequency of these hunting exploits on the part of the walrus, though I still feel convinced that "clams" form the staple diet of this animal.

After reading this evidence, however, I naturally turned once again to an examination of the skull of one of these animals. As a consequence, I am convinced as to the impossibility of either seal or narwhal being seized by a "frontal attack." This much will be apparent from the merest glance at the accompanying photographs, which show that the tusks and lips must make the lower jaw incapable of seizing any such victim as a seal or a narwhal, inasmuch as the tusks project beyond the level of the tip of the jaw, forming a most effective muzzle! This, however, might be done if the head was thrown back, and the mouth opened to its widest possible extent. Even then it leaves a clearance of no more



SHOWING THAT THE TUSKS SERVE AS AN EFFECTIVE "MUZZLE," PREVENTING IT FROM BITING ANYTHING IN FRONT OF THE TUSKS: A SIDE VIEW OF THE SKULL OF A WALRUS.

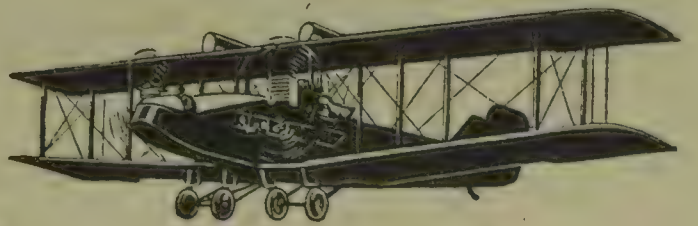
by the teeth alone, it is a clam-eater; but there is evidence enough to show that it can, and does to a marked extent, hunt and kill warm-blooded animals of considerable size, up, indeed, to a length equalling its own. And, having regard to all the circumstances, this is a very remarkable fact.



A CONTRAST TO THAT OF THE SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER IN THE ANGLE OF THE LOWER JAW AND THE GREATER SIZE OF THE CHEEK-TEETH: THE SKULL OF A LION.

"The lion's lower jaw, when the mouth is fully opened, lies obliquely to the long axis of the skull, instead of at right-angles. The cheek-teeth in the lion, it will be noticed, are far larger than in the apparently more formidably armed 'sabre-tooth'; which suggests that the latter had already become unable to seize very large, or powerful, animals, such as the lion will attack with ease."

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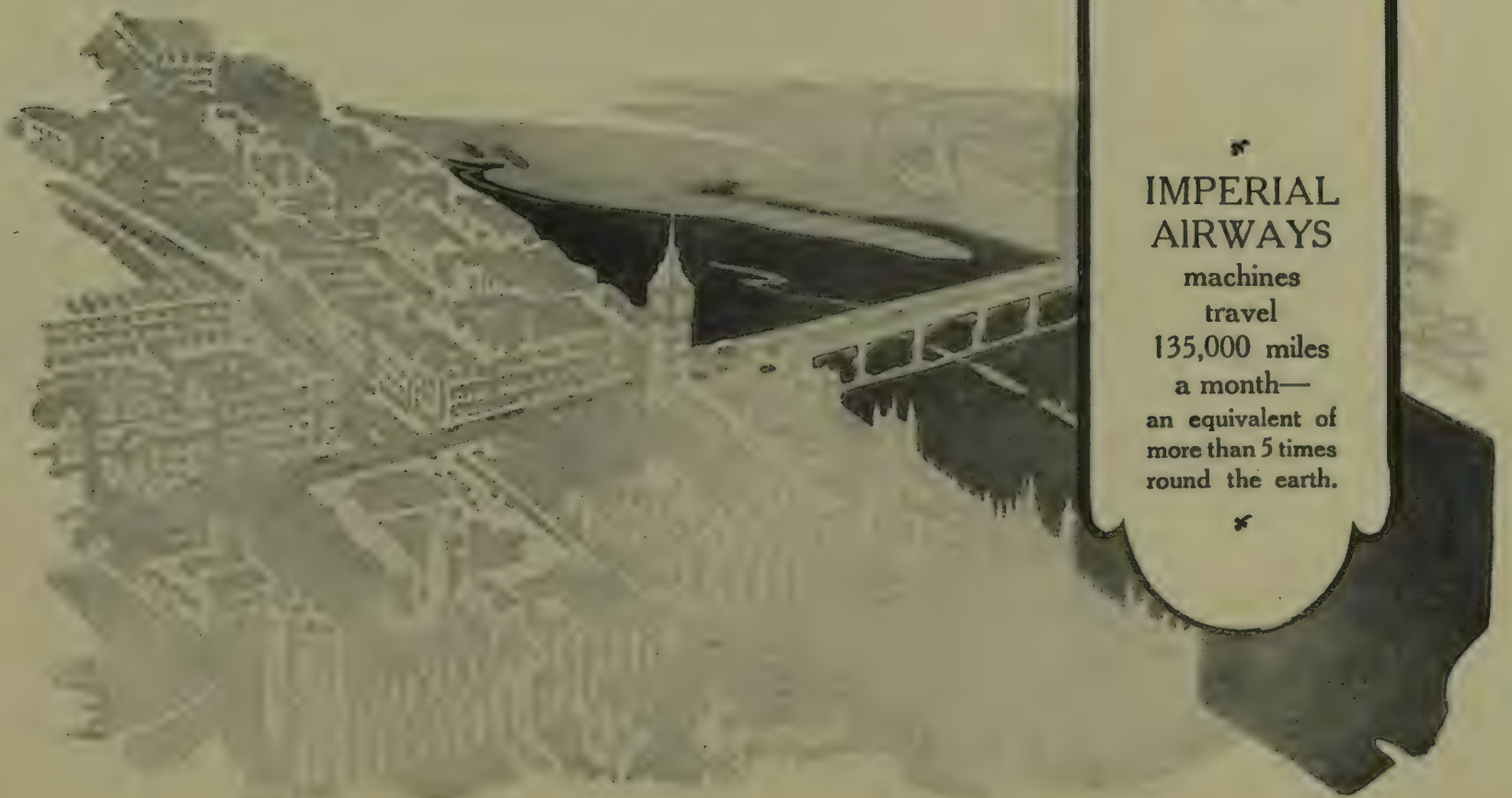
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THE TICHBORNE LEGEND.

(Continued from Page 534.)

married in 1827, and had, with one daughter, a son Henry, who died in 1835, aged six. Immediately after his son's death, Edward Doughty reinstituted the ancient ceremony of the donation of bread to the poor, but with certain restrictions which enabled the previous abuses to be eliminated. He succeeded to the title and estates upon the death of his brother, Sir Henry Tichborne, in 1845.

James, the fourth and remaining son, married in 1827, and succeeded to the estates, as tenth Baronet, in 1853. He had two sons only, Roger Charles Tichborne, born before the restoration of the dole, and Alfred Joseph Tichborne, born after 1835. The elder son, Roger Charles, was lost at sea in 1845, and twenty

years later was impersonated by an unsuccessful claimant to the title and estates, the rightful heirs to which were compelled to spend £100,000 in defending their possessions. Alfred Joseph, the younger of the two sons, was the grandfather of the present Baronet.

It is singular that in those few years during which the "Tichborne Dole" was discontinued so much misfortune should have befallen the family. It is curious to note, moreover, that the terms of the ancient prophecy, handed down through hundreds of years and written about at length long before the eighteenth century, should apparently be fulfilled, almost literally, directly the ancient custom was stopped. It has never ceased since 1835, however, and even during the war, when flour was very scarce, a special permit was granted by the Ministry of Agriculture to enable this ancient custom to be carried on, though doubtless, for the time being, more modestly.

Now, however, the ceremony is once more conducted as in olden days. But bread is no longer used; each recipient, instead, is given a measure of flour. Only people known to be of the parishes of Tichborne or Cheriton are allowed to participate, a list being kept of the aged or infirm, or those most likely to be in need of a little assistance. The flour, in a large bin, and in sacks, is placed in front of Tichborne House and blessed by the chaplain. It is then distributed, usually by the son of the house, each adult receiving a gallon and each child half a gallon, so that, in all, about 800 gallons of flour are apportioned during the day.

In connection with the offer of the manufacturers of the Douglas motor-bicycle to give free petrol and oil with every new machine to enable it to run one thousand miles, it is interesting to note that all Douglas motor-bicycles are tuned and tested on "B.P." Motor Spirit, and their carburettors adjusted to give the best results on that fuel.

Mr. W. R. Jarvis, the King's trainer, of Newmarket, has acquired a 14-h.p. Crossley saloon, fitted with four-wheel brakes. Mr. W. H. James, President of the National Roads Association of Australia, who has just commenced a tour of that country in connection with his Association work, has purchased a 14-h.p. Crossley touring car.

The R.A.C. has decided to contribute towards the costs of the appeal in the case of Frost v. L.N.E.R.

This case raised the important point as to whether the failure of a railway company to place red lights on level-crossing gates which are closed against the



A WAR MEMORIAL IN A DISTANT "OUTPOST OF EMPIRE": THE CENOTAPH ERECTED IN BERMUDA.

Photograph by Sport and General.



AT "THE HUB OF THE BRITISH ARMY": THE ALDERSHOT WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY PRINCE HENRY. Prince Henry, here seen (in uniform) between the Mayor and the Bishop of Winchester, who performed the dedication, unveiled the War Memorial at Aldershot on March 18. It is an obelisk of Cornish granite, and is inscribed, not to Aldershot men alone, but to "all who gave their lives for their country in the Great War." Prince Henry recalled the fact that "it was from Aldershot, the hub of the British Army, that the so-called 'Contemptible Little Army' departed."

Photograph by Sport and General.

highway amounts to negligence for which they are liable in law. The case was originally heard in the County Court, where the Judge decided in favour of a taxi driver who had collided with the gates in these circumstances, and the railway company is now appealing to the High Court.

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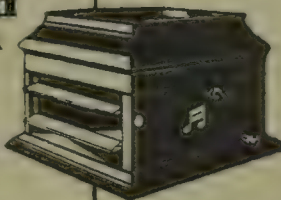
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Fashions and Fancies.

New Fashions in Knitted Toilettes.

The last few weeks have flown in a whirl of dress parades, and one of the outstanding features proved to be the emancipation of knitted fabrics. There are lovely frocks and perfectly tailored suits fashioned apparently of crêpe-de-Chine and chiffon velvet which are in reality skilfully knitted in wool and silk. At Jay's, Regent Street, W., are to be seen many fashionable models of this genre. A quartette is pictured on page 564. At the top is a frock expressed in a beige woven fabric, looking like tweed, and piped with scarlet. It can be secured for 5½ guineas. Next is an attractive three-piece suit carried out in biscuit brushed rayon closely resembling chiffon velvet, decorated with effective bead embroidery in lovely colours. A neat collar and cuffs of organdie complete the picture. Well-cut coats and skirts of this fascinating brushed rayon can be obtained for 10½ guineas. Sketched below on the left is a simple three-piece suit carried out in nigger silk bouclette, with a sleeveless jumper in a burnt-orange nuance. The price is 10 guineas complete. On the right is a distinctive wrap coat, built of a white knitted fabric embroidered all over in black, and reinforced with collar and cuffs of clipped wool. Then there are pretty jumper suits in bouclette bordered with lace of the same fabric available for 8½ guineas, and captivating jumpers of fine brushed rayon patterned with Egyptian designs and completed with high-scarf collars are only 3 guineas, available in many colourings.

A Notable Bargain for the Well-Dressed Woman.

All the virtues necessary to a perfect spring wrap for all occasions are united in the well-cut coat pictured on this page. It is the new "Wetorphine" model, built in the fashionable suiting, half-lined with waterproofed silk, and available in many soft shades of brown. Made to measure, or ready for immediate wear, it may be obtained for 8 guineas—a moderate outlay with which to secure a perfectly tailored affair which is suitable for town and country, and will yield yeoman service. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to state the name and address of the firm responsible. From the same source can be obtained a delightful three-quarter length sports coat in wool deeply bordered with gay designs and colourings, the collar and cuffs being fashioned of looped wool. The price is 5½ guineas, and it may be secured with back-

grounds of varying shades, including white, Bois de Rose, sand, and the New Tango. Another effective outfit for tennis and golf enthusiasts is a jumper and three-quarter coat *en suite* carried out in a mixture

of artificial silk and bouclette. The jumper has an amusing gilet worked in multicolours, matching the cuffs and collar of the coat, and the price is 10½ guineas complete.

A Book of Tailored 'Shirts and Jumpers.

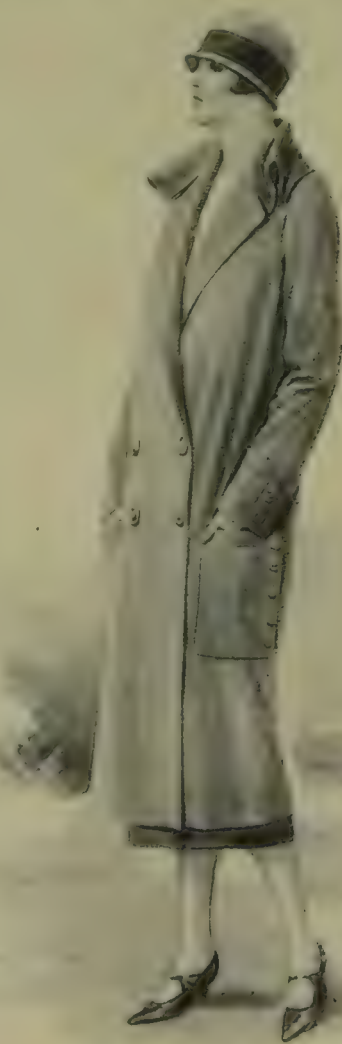
The strictly tailored overblouse is once again to be worn with simple suits this spring, and at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, there are many attractive models at all prices. An illustrated booklet will be sent free to all who mention the name of this paper. A high-necked "middy" jumper of washing crêpe-de-Chine, in two colours, trimmed with lines of pearl buttons, may be obtained for 49s. 6d., and others in ivory Eastern silk, faced with a contrasting colour, are only 29s. 6d. For sports wear, a neat shirt jumper in Eastern silk, with a polo collar, can be secured for 25s. 9d., a sound investment, for it will wash and wear indefinitely; while a long tunic model in the same material, with cuffs and collar bound in a contrasting colour, is 39s. 6d.

Novelty of the Week.

The fashionable ear-rings grow longer and longer, and consequently some difficulty has been experienced in finding screws to take the weight safely without being uncomfortable. An ingenious solution has been found, however, by the new "spectacle holder," to which the ear-rings are attached. It fits round the ear like the old-fashioned spectacles, and is practically invisible, being completely hidden, of course, when the hair is worn low on the ears. Lovely ear-rings in all colours and lengths fitted with these comfortable "spectacle holders" can be obtained from 25s. 6d. upwards from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., and they are well worth a visit of inspection.

Fashionable Shoes for £1.

A splendid opportunity to secure several pairs of well-built shoes for a modest outlay is offered by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., who are making a speciality of fashionable models for all occasions at 20s. a pair. They are, moreover, sold with a guarantee that they will stand reasonable and fair wear. There are one-bar and Court models in patent leather collared with glacé, and others in brown and black glacé kid with low and high heels. Then for country wear are well-built buckle-bar brogues in willow calf with soles and heels of leather or of crêpe rubber. The latter may be obtained also in white, and are ideal for summer golf.



Ideal for spring days in town and country is this perfectly tailored wrap-coat christened the "Wetorphine" model. It is built in russet suiting, half lined with waterproof silk, and may be secured for a pleasantly moderate sum.

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A.D. 1597, Barendsz and his men were fighting with the ice-bound Arctic trying to find a northern route to India.

BOLS like to think that explorers in the frozen wastes have found cheer within bottles from the distillery established at Amsterdam by Lucas Bols in 1575. Bols Liqueurs and Spirits have indeed a warm niche in 350 years of history.

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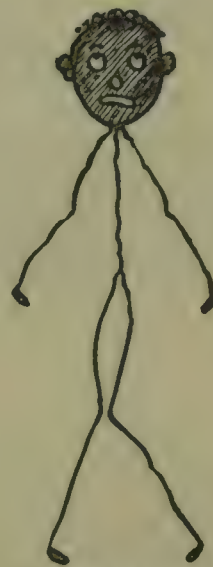
A Serial Story

Chapter I

Introducing the Hy-dro-car-bon Family



A-RO-MAT-IC

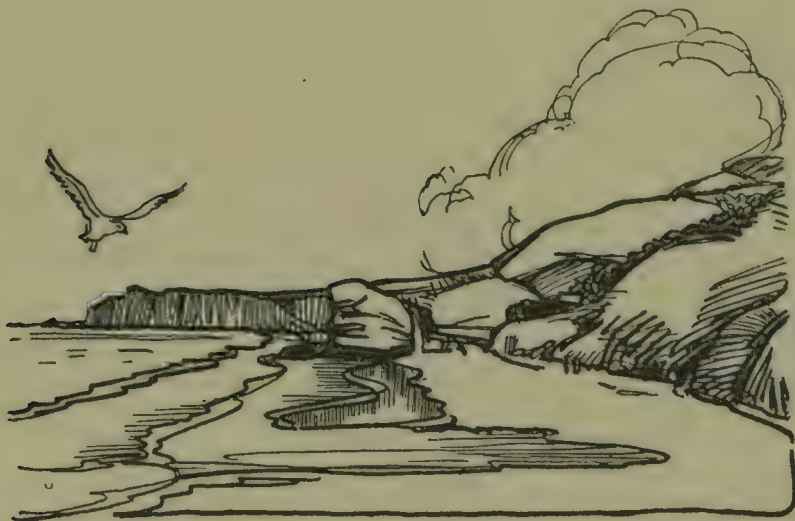


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NAPH-THERE

(Watch for Chapter II)



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for 1925 (price 6d.), also train service and fare information can be obtained at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

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BRIGHTON (looking west).

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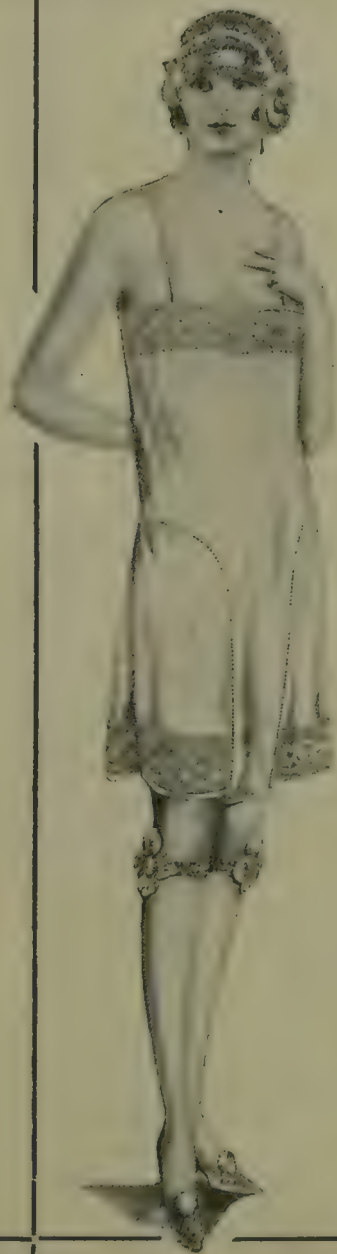
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CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch), in good quality crêpe-de-Chine, exact copy of French model. Cut on new lines, having no fullness on hips, trimmed with fine ecru lace bound with small rouleaux. In pink, peach, ivory, sky, mauve, cyclamen, champagne, flame, black, almond, lemon.

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AN OBSERVATORY ABOVE THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

WE have received several interesting communications, for which we hereby thank the writers, regarding the old engraving (reproduced in our issue of March 7) of the dome of St. Paul's with an observatory erected on a scaffolding above the apex. Mr. Herbert C. Andrews, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, sends us the following notes on the subject—

"One would think the erection of an observatory above the dome and cross of St. Paul's Cathedral a sufficiently venturesome and risky proceeding not to be indulged in a second time; but as a matter of fact it was done twice in the last century—in 1822 and again in 1848. Information about both occasions can be found in Thornbury and Walford's 'Old and New London.'

"On the first occasion it was due to the enterprise of Mr. Thomas Horner, a land surveyor. He had spent the summer of 1822 in the lantern above the dome, sketching the Metropolis, and conceived the idea of painting and exhibiting a panorama of London. For this purpose he afterwards erected a cabin several feet higher than the cross, and made his sketches from this point of vantage. He often started his work in this eyrie at three o'clock in the morning, and on one occasion even passed the night there. This cabin is the subject of the print which you illustrated.

"In order to accommodate and exhibit this panorama, Mr. Horner planned the Colosseum, which stood until 1875 overlooking Regent's Park. It was designed by Decimus Burton, and built by Messrs.

Grissell and Peto, commencing in 1824. Here for many years from 1829 onward the panorama of London attracted its crowds, and retained its popularity so long that in 1845 it had to be repainted, with an added effect in illumination as to give it the appearance of a moonlight night scene. Thornbury gives an illustration of this panorama (vol. v., p. 271).



AN IRISH CITY HONOURS ITS DEAD WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR: THE GREAT CROWD IN CORK AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, a monument was unveiled in Cork to the memory of the men from that city who fell in the Great War. The ceremony was performed by General Harrison.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

"The same work has a view of the scaffolding and observatory erected in 1848 (vol. i., p. 258). On this occasion a similar platform and hut rose above the cross, and from it some four thousand observations were made for a new trigonometrical survey of London."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"NO, NO, NANETTE!" AT THE PALACE.

IT is as pleasant as it is rare an experience to be able to give unreserved praise to a new musical piece, but such a response is certainly due to the refreshing vivacity of "No, No, Nanette!" already booking months ahead at the Palace. The feature of the show is the youthfulness of two comedians who might fairly imagine that they had gone now a little beyond their prime. Here we have Mr. George Grossmith, who a few years ago thought he must really relapse on to the legitimate drama because young people ought to fill his place in musical comedy, dancing as madly and delightfully as he did at the Gaiety, and turning work into a romp. Here is Mr. Joseph Coyne, whose record in this country goes back to the original *première* of "The Merry Widow," keeping his hearers doubled up with laughter as a millionaire with amorous propensities, and reeling off all sorts of clever *mots* at breathless pace, especially in the scene in which this gay old dog consults Mr. Grossmith in the guise of a solicitor. Their joint efforts are wonderful, but there is also charming music, some of which, more particularly "I want to be happy," is already being whistled about the town; and there is also fascinating Miss Binnie Hale to dance to it and sing some of it.

"BOODLE," AT THE EMPIRE.

Those popular artists, Mr. Jack Buchanan and June, make a welcome return to London in a new musical play, "Boodle," which turns out to be the farce once
[Continued overleaf.]



King Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke.

(Reproduced, by permission, from the original in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)

This is the earliest extant signature of an English King, as distinguished from mere marks put against their names in early charters.

Richard

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Atco Motor Mowers.

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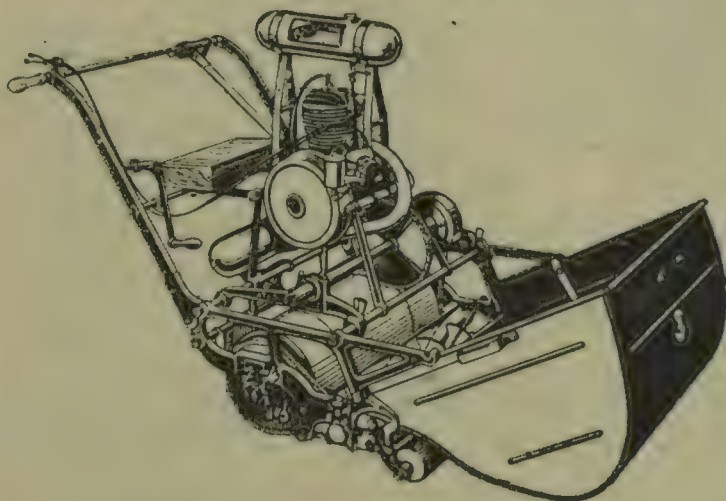
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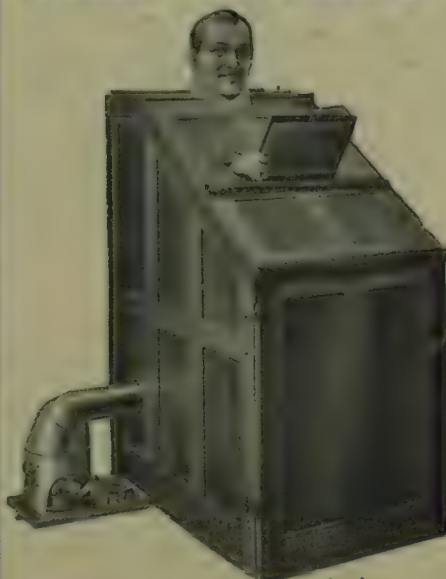
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(Continued.)

known as "The New Clown," set to music. With a hero who turns clown because he thinks he has committed murder, this farce always possessed plenty of humorous situations, and these prove none the less diverting with their musical trappings. Mr. Buchanan acts his part with irresistible animation, and puts in some clever dancing. Miss Veronica Brady helps to keep the fun going, and June dances with her customary fairy-like gracefulness.

PRINCESS BIBESCO'S "PAINTED SWAN."

A very fashionable audience, including the Earl and Countess of Oxford—for it was, of course, an Asquithian function—welcomed at Everyman's last week the début of Princess Bibesco as dramatist. Her play, "The Painted Swan," gradually warms up through tense scenes to a situation of tragic irony and poignancy, but it suffers from a sort of literary self-consciousness on the part of the author and from lack of definite characterisation. The rain of epigrams amid which the story emerges and in which it is drowned again at the close may be meant to represent the babble of smartness against which its heroine reacts, but the puppets who utter them seem but the mouthpieces of their inventor's cleverness, and their *mots* have such a strong family likeness that any one of the group of chatterers might say with equal appropriateness what is said by any other. As for the heroine, Ann, or Lady Candover herself, it is difficult to place her. Is she the saint her circle thinks her to be, or has the heroic lie she tells them about her husband and her lover any basis in fact? Is she a self-deceived romantic making of love a mere idealism, or is she merely anæmic, as artificial in another way as her friends? At all events, we are interested in the shock inflicted on her illusions. Out of love with her husband, she is deep in love with a politician whom scandal avers to have been seen drunk in the company of a street wanton when he should have been leading a debate. She boldly asserts that she was with him at the time, and he angrily tells her the story was true and resents

her quixotry as involving, if it is accepted, the end of his career. Meantime, in the hour of her shame, her husband claims to assert his marital rights, and so we leave her horrified before the brutalities of life, while her circle resumes its idle chatter. Ann at Everyman's is Miss Edith Evans, whose acting has some beautiful moments, but does not individualise the woman.

with history and borrows familiar situations from "Fédora" and "La Tosca," Mr. Lang's admirers do not mind so long as he is provided with a picturesque masquerade and there is the excitement of plots and sword-play, threats of torture, duping of assassins, and love at fever heat. Cesare Borgia sees through conspiracies a little too miraculously for the human interest to be kept strong, and, of course, his chief dupe is the heroine, who learns to love him on her mission of hate, so that the sentimental scenes have an air of artifice. There is a beautiful heroine, however, at the New Theatre in Miss Isobel Elsom, and Mr. Lang's voice is as telling as ever.



A NEW VIEW-POINT FOR THE BOAT-RACE: THE TERRACED PROMENADE AT DUKE'S MEADOWS (BUILT BY THE CHISWICK COUNCIL) WHICH WILL ACCOMMODATE 15,000. The Chiswick Urban District Council has constructed along the riverside at Duke's Meadows, at a cost of several thousand pounds, a promenade to accommodate 15,000 people. It is about 2000 yards long, and is made in three terraces each 18 ft. wide, with a new roadway at the back. About 150 men were employed, and the photograph shows the result after about twelve months' work.—[Photograph by C.N.]

MR. LANG AS CESARE BORGIA.

Cesare Borgia and his imaginary adventures with a woman spy who, to defend her threatened little State, offers to play Delilah to the invader—such is the subject of Mr. Rafael Sabatini's new play for Mr. Matheson Lang, which he calls "The Tyrant." It makes a fine spectacle with its Renaissance costumes and appointments, and if its story takes some liberties

study of its heroine is masterly in its consistency. If the playwright shines in "Iris," so also does Miss Gladys Cooper. She gives the heroine the softness, the allure, the plaintive appeal she should have, straining after no effects. Mr. Henry Ainley's Maldonado is vigorous and eloquent, but lacks the Oriental touch the poet should have, and is rather too flashily theatrical; on the whole, Mr. Oscar Asche got nearer essentials.

"IRIS" REVIVED AT THE ADELPHI.

"Iris," which Miss Gladys Cooper has revived at the Adelphi, wears better than might have been expected. Its technique at points, to be sure, seems sadly old-fashioned. That trick Sir Arthur Pinero employs, notably in the first act, of placing two characters on a sofa in the foreground to discuss half-a-dozen others who withdraw to the back of the stage and so prepare his story for him, looks to-day altogether unworthy of a practised craftsman, and throughout the play there are lengths of talk, especially when that looker-on, Croker Harrington, is on the scene, which make tiresome hearing. Had Miss Cooper persuaded her playwright to make wholesale cuts, she would have won thanks from modern audiences, and a good play would have gained in strength. For "Iris," though more like a novel than a drama, has certain features which make it the best of its author's works; its scene of the lovers' parting at dawn is the most lyrical passage he has ever written, and its

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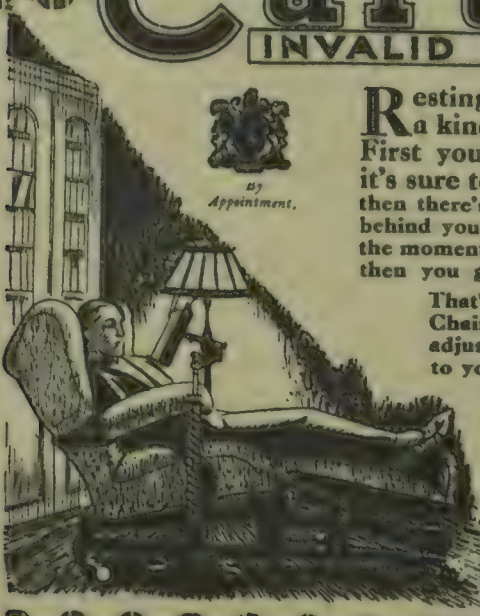
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Cars and
Fire Risks.

It is not very often nowadays that one hears of cars being destroyed by fire, but of course there is always a certain risk present, even in face of the great improvements that have been made in construction, and therefore in safety. In the early days the risk of fire was quite a serious one, and the motorist had always to be prepared to deal promptly with an incipient outbreak due to faulty exhaust joints, bad carburation, which caused a blow-back through the induction pipe, short-circuited electric ignition wires, or some other prolific cause of risk. I was once in a car that took fire from some cause which we never could explain, and in less than half an hour it was reduced to a heap of twisted ironwork—I could never have imagined that a car could be so rapidly destroyed by fire. Ever since then I have been exceedingly careful to be well prepared for eventualities. In those days all cars were open, and driver and passengers were never in any real

especially in the type which has only two doors, and in which the front seats fold forward to allow egress to the passengers in the rear seats. Of course, the saving grace is that the modern car is not prone to fire risks to anything like the extent of the old vehicles—very fortunately. Still, there is no harm in taking precautions, and, in addition to using the utmost care in disposing of lighted matches, cigarette ends, and so on, the prudent motorist will always see that his car is equipped with a reliable chemical fire extinguisher, of which the Pyrene is a good example.

Shock-Absorbing
Devices.

A dozen or so years ago there were numerous inventors who burnt much midnight oil in the effort to produce a spring wheel, or some such device, which

would get us away from the nuisance of the unreliable pneumatic tyre. For in those days the tyre was unreliable, and very much of a nuisance on occasion. Nobody succeeded in the endeavour, though many inventions were produced which had the merit of cleverness, and in the end it was—rightly, I think—concluded that the spring wheel was not a practical proposition. To-day there is not the same necessity for a substitute for the pneumatic tyre, since the latter gives very little more trouble than any other component of the car. Where we are looking for improvement is in the springing of the car, though even this to a less extent, and it is getting better every year. At the same time, it is a long way from perfect, and hence we are driven to adopt auxiliary systems of shock-absorbing devices to make up for the deficiencies of the main suspension. These auxiliaries are so well known in principle and in detail that I

need not make any close references to them here and now. The other day I was shown a new type of wheel in which an attempt is being made to absorb shock



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS ON THE FRONT OF THE RADIATOR: ONE OF THE WOLSELEY CARS FOR HIS TOUR IN WEST AFRICA LEAVING THE WORKS FOR DESPATCH BY RAIL TO LIVERPOOL.

danger in case of an outbreak, since there was nothing to do but to jump over the side. Fire in a modern saloon, however, may be quite a different thing,

ary systems of shock-absorbing devices to make up for the deficiencies of the main suspension. These auxiliaries are so well known in principle and in detail that I



MOTORING IN THE MALAY STATES: A 40-H.P. LANCHESTER CAR WITH A NATIVE CHAUFFEUR.

at its source, the road. It is known as the "Trinity," doubtless from the fact that it has but three spokes, though these have actually nothing directly to do with its shock-absorbing qualities. Essentially, the "Trinity" consists of the three-spoked wheel itself, smaller in diameter than the actual size of the complete device. Rigidly attached to the outside diameter, at three points corresponding to the spokes, there is a supplementary steel rim, carrying the tyre, with a clear half-inch space between the two rims. This supplementary rim is free to flex under the weight of the vehicle and to give to road shocks. Having tried it, I must say it seems to me to be a distinct contribution towards a solution of the road-shock problem. It certainly does make riding much easier on really bad surfaces, while it is so strongly constructed that I do not see any points likely to give trouble in use. I shall watch its development with considerable interest. Anything that tends towards greater comfort in motoring, as this device does, deserves encouragement, and it remains to be seen whether, on further acquaintance, it will make good the promise that it holds out.

W. W.

M

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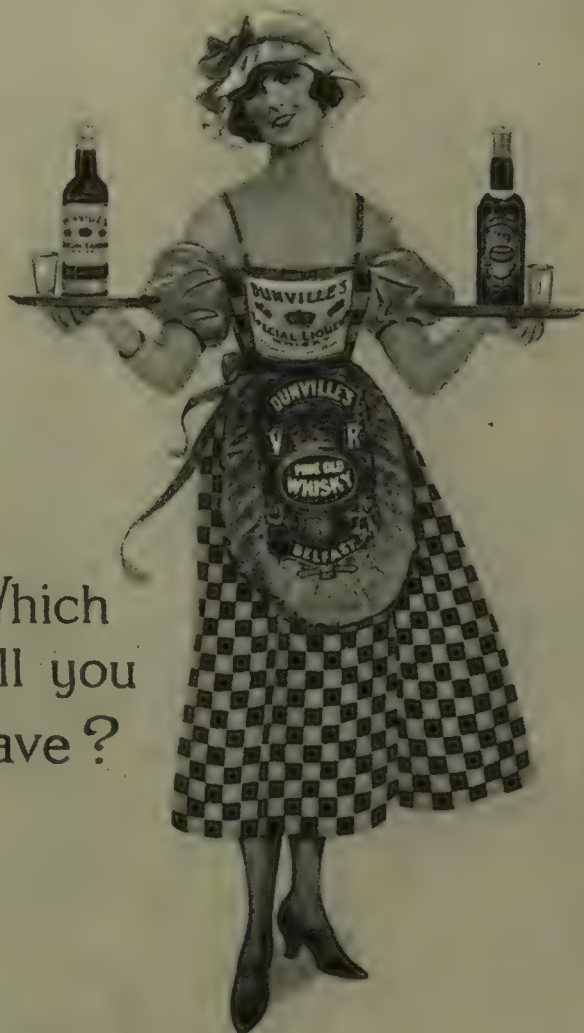
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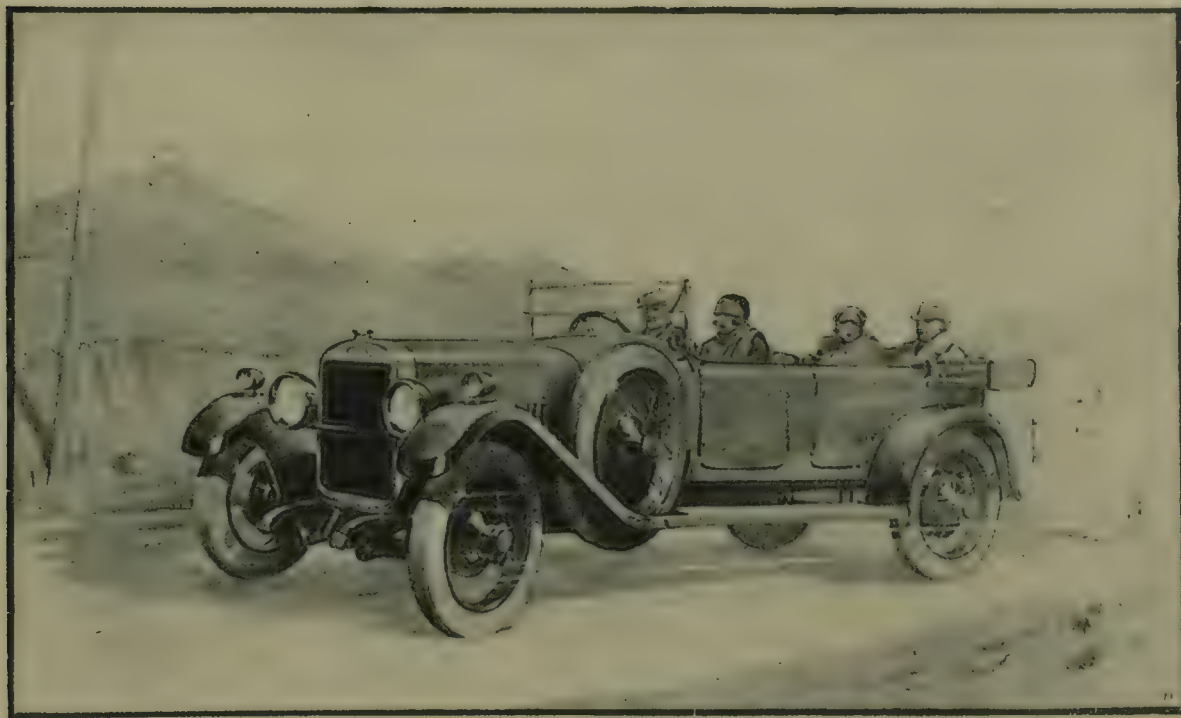
'THE car has been driven either by myself or by a chauffeur who can in no sense be called an expert and who has worked under ironclad instructions to leave the engine and chassis absolutely alone, excepting the usual cleaning, oiling, and greasing called for in the instruction book.

'I, myself, have driven this car many thousands of miles, and it has never, either with me or with anyone else, failed for any reason whatsoever on the road.'

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO THE MOTOR OF FEBRUARY 10th, 1925

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THE WORLD

OF WOMEN

PRINCE HENRY'S inclusion in the Commission of four to carry on necessary State business in the absence of the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York is a welcome appointment to our Royal-House-loving nation. He is a fine, soldierly young man, and a good all-round sportsman, which appeals to the people. The appointment is quite unlikely to interfere with his military duties. The Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor will conduct most of the work, and, being men of business, will be quite equal to it. The Archbishop of Canterbury's appointment is a certainty on such occasions, but will entail no extra work on venerable shoulders already heavily burdened save in circumstances most unlikely to occur.

Lady Joan Verney, who is in the Queen's suite on her cruise, is the elder of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Desart. Her husband has been private secretary to the Queen since 1919, and is also of the royal suite. Lady Joan's younger and only sister married Mr. William Bayard Cutting, who was secretary at the American Embassy. After his death she married again—Mr. Geoffrey Scott. She lent the beautiful Villa Medici, near Florence, to Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles for their honeymoon. Mr. Harry Verney's grandfather married, as his second wife, Florence Nightingale's sister, and after that lady's death without family Florence Nightingale maintained a close friendship with her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, which lasted for life.

The excuse for a trip to Paris, that it was cheaper to dress there because of the exchange, holds good no longer. Not only are the prices of Paris dresses arranged to cover amply any loss in the exchange, but the visitor is taxed by the hotels eight or ten per cent. Government tax. France is quite right—she taxes the visitor; we are quite wrong, because Parisian modistes come over here, stay at hotels, and go round to private houses seeking orders—and, one regrets to say, receiving them. They pay no tax—not even that bugbear one of income. They can, but in reality do not, undersell our own dressmakers, whose business they injure very much. Paris firms send to London their very cleverest sales-people, and how clever French sales-people are most of us know to our cost.

The hats of to-day make their wearers of a sameness that is rather bewildering. The only difference seems to be in height. I heard a request the other day from a mother to find her daughter in a room full of people. "She is a little taller than most girls, and not so tall as a few," were the directions—nothing more definite; but after trying one or two the right girl was found. Identification by clothes is not useful, for to the ordinary casual observer all wear the same kind of dress and hat. Identification by looks is impossible with hats pulled down over noses and fur up to ears. Identification by colouring is difficult, since most of it issues from powder and lip-salve. A man said that he always knew his girl when he entered a room because her legs were so straight. Rather hard on the other girls, but straight legs are rare.

Lady (Henry) Wilson is back from Biarritz, and is feeling wonderfully well again. She was helping the Duchess of Somerset at a sale recently for London's Invalid Kitchens and other good causes in which the Duchess is interested. Her house in Grosvenor Square is a good one for such a purpose. It is let for the season to the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, who will entertain for their débutante daughter. Lady Wilson, with a committee of ladies, is busily engaged over the clothing department of the Irish Loyalist Relief Fund, which is functioning most usefully. So many of these poor, dispossessed, and exiled Irish are of good lineage and have pride of race, which makes it hard for them to seek such help. With Lady Wilson and her friends they are sure of secrecy.

The Oxford trouser is a kind of counterblast to the briefer skirt. A smart woman suggested that half one leg of the former would supply the whole of one of the latter. It might, but it certainly won't. The briefer skirts are very dainty affairs, and they seem being made of more and more diaphanous fabric.

Even those days when the bitter wind went through one, short skirts of thinnest fabric were worn, and legs were stockinged in the cobwebbiest silk possible, the aim apparently being to give a stockingless effect. There were fur coats, of course, often meeting the stockings. The idea of keeping the temperature of one half of the body in the tropics and the other half in the Arctic does not seem sensible, but who cares for sense when every woman wants to be smart! The Oxford trousers are quite sensible, and, if not exaggerated, look very nice.

Until the Duke and Duchess of York come back we shall be very short of royalty in London town: the Prince off to South Africa for a long stay there, and then a visit to the Argentine, occupying all the summer and part of the autumn; the King and Queen on their cruise; the Duke of Connaught on the Riviera; Prince George going to the Far East as soon as he recovers from his tonsil operation; Prince Henry on his military duties. Princess Mary has undertaken a few of the Queen's engagements—and, after all, we shall soon be welcoming our royal people back again. There will be two Courts in May and two in June, and from the beginning of the former month until the end of July the season will, all going well, be a very full one.

Spring came along, whether for a short stay or a long one, and waved a magic wand, making us all long for new clothes in keeping with the fresh wardrobe Dame Nature is getting ready for herself. It also gave everyone a real interest in an Easter holiday, about which there was hardly any while the nor'easters blew or the floods suddenly descended. It is extraordinary how dependent our mental outlook is on the weather. A very observant and clever man said recently that there would have been no such crop of tragedies and horrible happenings as our dailies have been treating us to, had we not endured an almost sunless year. Weak mentality has given way before monotonous dull weeks and months, and has broken out into the ways which are those of darkness. Let us all hope and pray for a sunny summer.

Princess Antoine Bibesco's play, "The Painted Swan," given at Everyman Theatre this week, had a brilliant first-night audience. There are no boxes in the house, so the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith sat in the centre of the stalls. Lady Oxford, in silver tissue and carrying a cluster of pink carnations, looked very delighted to have a playwright daughter. Lord Oxford looked genial and happy. Princess Antoine sat right at the back with her brother, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, who arrived from Oxford in a brown suit and not noticeably Oxford trousers, and who had to hurry home to change for the celebration supper party at the parental home in Bedford Square. Lady Cynthia Asquith was in eau-de-Nil, and Lady Cunard's dress was hidden under a wealth of ermine. Princess Antoine's dress was of cloth of gold, and she looked very handsome. A. E. L.

A fascinating quartette of new knitted creations from Jay's, Regent Street, W. A beige woven fabric piped with scarlet makes the little frock at the top; beneath is a three-piece suit expressed in biscuit brushed rayon, beautifully embroidered with beads and silks. Below on the left is a simple suit carried out in nigger silk bouclette with an orange sleeveless jumper; and on the right a striking coat with a white knitted background, embroidered all over in black. (See page 556.)





Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., in the above picture, enables us to present to the public another fine example of his work. It portrays the Furniture and Floors with which our manufactures—Stephenson's Furniture Cream and Stephenson's Floor Polish—are so closely associated, and marks, we think, a further stage in the linking up of British art with British commerce. Generations of British housewives have used our Furniture Cream and Floor Polish and know that each excels in attaining the highest standard of quality and in giving the best and most lasting results.

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RADIO NOTES.

DANCE music played by the Savoy Bands, and the bells of Big Ben, broadcast through 5XX, the Chelmsford High-Power Station, have been received successfully in the United States, and were re-broadcast by the Radio Corporation of America's stations WJZ and WGY, both of New York. It is of interest to note that the American re-transmissions were received back again in England, and also in Vienna and Barcelona. From Barcelona a telegram was received by Marconi Wireless Telegraph, Ltd., stating how excellently the British music was being received from the American station, WJZ. During the transmission that took place in the early hours of last Saturday morning, from 5XX, a telegram received from New York stated: "Programme coming through very strong, and can be heard over the whole hall on a loud-speaker." At one time during the experiment people in New York who were dancing to WJZ's dance music suddenly found themselves dancing to the Savoy music, which was switched over for a while in place of the American band.

A Radio Voice Technique Committee is holding meetings in New York at the Radio Corporation of America's studios, with the object of deciding upon the various factors which make the ideal announcer for broadcasting. It was decided that prolonged gaps should never be allowed in a programme from any station. The cause of any untoward delay

should be stated frankly by the announcer, and no attempt made to fool the audience into the belief that the delay was intentional and not unavoidable. Each announcer is to be prepared with material to bridge any unforeseen gaps which might occur, such material to consist of entertainment congruous with the spirit of the programme.

Statements made by announcers should be made from written copy, except when an emergency announcement must be made on the spur of the moment. Sounds such as "ch," "sh," "ss," "tt," "ff," should not be included in the radio speaker's vocabulary. The Committee is unanimous in agreeing that the announcer who attempts to be a humourist whilst announcing is a "pest."

2LO's transmissions from the new aerial in Oxford Street have met with mixed opinions from a large number of listeners. Crystal-set users in some parts of London and in the provinces agree that reception is much stronger than before.

One listener in S.W. London states that his reception with a crystal is as good as reception was with one valve. Others agree that reception is infinitely stronger, but complain that with multi-valve sets they are unable to cut out London when Continental stations are desired to be tuned in. There are listeners in S.E. London who state that they are now unable to receive as strongly as before. The B.B.C. is making tests with a view to ascertaining the cause of poor reception in the areas affected,

and in the meantime the transmissions have been changed over to issue again from Marconi House, Strand.

The British Broadcasting Company, in an official reply to critics recently, stated that its policy is one of unceasing endeavour to promote the service solely in the best interests of the public. The B.B.C. is not a profit-making concern in the ordinary meaning. Initial capital of about £70,000 was put up by wireless manufacturers, who deserve credit for pioneering in an enterprise regarded elsewhere with suspicion. Dividends on that capital are limited to 7½ per cent. by Act of Parliament, and all the money that the B.B.C. receives over and above that dividend charge is devoted to development of the service, or returned to the Postmaster-General for public funds. Of the ten shillings annual receiving license, 2s. 6d. is retained by the Post Office, and 7s. 6d. goes to the B.B.C. Analysis of expenditure in 1924 shows that between 50 and 60 per cent. of the money was devoted to programmes; between 15 and 20 per cent. was absorbed in salaries and wages; and the balance of between 20 and 25 per cent. in miscellaneous charges, including rent, rates, taxes, engineering development, light, heat, power, and legal charges. During 1925, the estimated revenue is £480,000, and if there is a surplus it will return to the Post Office to relieve the taxpayers' burden. The present cost of the B.B.C. service to listeners is three programmes a penny.

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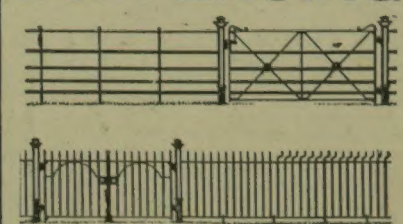
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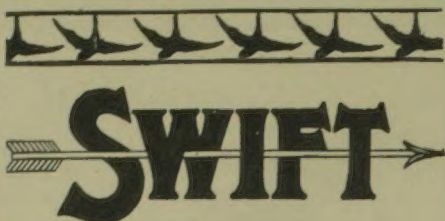
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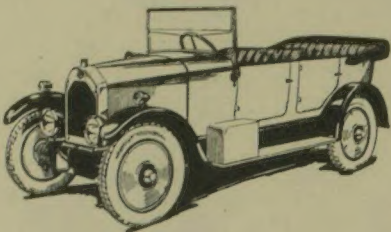


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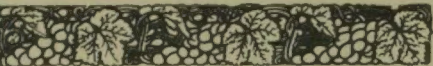
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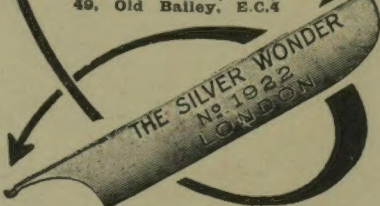
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